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## THERE'S NOTHING IN VAIN.

Oh! prize not the essence of Beauty alone,  
And disdain not the weak and the mean in our way,  
For the world is an engine—the Architect's own,  
Where the wheels of least might keep the larger in play.  
We love the fair valley, with bloom in the shade,  
We sing of green hills—of the grape and the grain;  
But be sure the Creator did well when he made  
The stark desert and marsh—for there's nothing in vain.  
We may question the locust that darkens the land,  
And the snake, flinging arrows of death from its eye;  
But remember they come from the Infinite Hand,  
And shall Man, in his littleness, dare to ask why?  
Oh! let us not speak of the "useless" or "vile,"  
They may seem so to us—but be slow to arraign:  
From the savage wolf's cry, to the happy child's smile,  
From the mite to the mammoth, there's nothing in vain.

There's a mission, no doubt, for the worm in the dust,  
As there is for the charger with nostrils of pride;  
The sloth and the newt have their places of trust,  
And the agents are needed, for God has supplied.  
Oh! could we but trace the great meaning of ALL,  
And what delicate links form the ponderous chain;  
From the dew-drops that rise, to the star-drops that fall,  
We should see but one purpose, and nothing in vain.

ELIZA COOK.

## THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Mary, wilt thou hear a rhyme,  
All about our courtship time,  
When the world lay in the sun,  
And the goal, we thought, was won;  
When the clouds (if clouds there were)  
Lost themselves in upper air;  
When the flush and bloom of youth  
Threw a radiance e'en on truth,  
And lit up with its rich ray  
Shadows that have flown away!  
Ah! this May, with leaves and flowers,  
Bringeth back our courtship hours!  
Hearken, then, unto my rhyme,  
Friend and partner for all time!  
Dost thou not remember—thou,  
On whose graver matron brow  
Gentle Time hath gently set  
A poetic coronet;—  
Dost thou not remember when  
All the races of all men—  
Ethiop, Arab, Celt, and Tartar,  
(From king to slave, from priest to martyr.)—  
Equal seemed, had equal right  
In the great Taskmaster's sight?  
Dost thou not remember, Mary,  
How all tales of knight and fairy—  
Orient fable—shipwreck stories—  
Human sufferings—genii glories—  
Seemed, 'midst their barbaric splendour,  
To give forth some moral tender,—  
As night-flowers at night disclose  
Perfume sweeter than the rose?  
Ah! this May, with leaves and flowers,  
Will bring back those courtships hours!  
Here we dreamed! nay, still we dream;  
For old truths and visions seem  
Beauteous, true, and moral yet;  
Wherefore, then, should we forget!  
Look! the meadows still are hidden  
By the flowers that come unbidden:  
Still the lark is on her wings;  
Still by the wood the river sings;  
The dew still sparkles in the sun;  
The world is out of darkness won!  
All's still the same. Some joy and pain  
Have touched our hearts, but not in vain!  
The angel of the earth and sky  
Hath brought us some who still are nigh,  
In whom we live, for whom we hope.  
So give thine eyes a wider scope,—  
See where, amidst the sun and showers,  
The Lady of the Vernal Hours,  
Sweet May, comes forth again with all her thousand flowers!

## PRESCOTT'S PERU.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The world's history contains no chapter more striking and attractive than

that comprising the narrative of Spanish conquest in the Americas. Teeming with interest to the historian and philosopher, to the lover of daring enterprise and marvellous adventure it is full of fascination. On the vast importance of the discovery of a western hemisphere, vying in size, as it one day, perhaps, may compete in civilization and power, with its eastern rival, it were idle to expatiate. But the manner of its conquest commands unceasing admiration. It needs the concurring testimony of a host of chroniclers and eye-witnesses to convince succeeding generations that the hardships endured, the perils surmounted, the victories obtained, by the old Conquistadores of Mexico and Peru were as real as their record is astounding. The subjugation of vast and populous empires by petty detachments of adventurers, often scantily provided and ignorantly led—the extraordinary daring with which they risked themselves, a few score strong, into the heart of unknown countries, and in the midst of hostile millions, require strong confirmation to obtain credence. Exploits so romantic go near to realize the feats of those fabulous paladins who, cased in impervious steel and wielding enchanted lance, overthrew armies as a Quixote scattered merinos. Hardly, when the tale is put before us in the quaint and garrulous chronicle of an Oviedo or a Zarate, can we bring ourselves to accept it as history, not as the wild invention of imaginative monks, beguiling conventual leisure by the composition of fantastical romance. And the man who undertakes, at the present day, to narrate in all their details the exploits and triumphs of a Cortes or a Pizarro, allots himself no slight task. A clear head and a sound judgment, great industry and a skillful pen, are needed to do justice to the subject; to extract and combine the scraps of truth buried under mountains of fiction and misrepresentation, to sift facts from the partial accounts of Spanish jurists and officials, and to correct the boastful misrepresentations of insolent conquerors. The necessary qualities have been found united in the person of an accomplished American author. Already favourably known by his histories of the eventful and chivalrous reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the exploits of the Great Marquis and his iron followers, Mr. Prescott has added to his well-merited reputation by his narrative of the Conquest of Peru. In its compilation he has spared no pains. Private collections and public libraries, the archives of Madrid and the manuscripts of the Escorial, he has ransacked and collated. And he has been so scrupulously conscientious as to send to Lima for a copy of the portrait whose engraving faces his title-page. But although his materials had to be procured from many and distant countries, their collection appears to have occasioned him less trouble than their abundance.

The comrades and contemporaries of Pizarro were afflicted with a scribbling mania. They have left masses of correspondence, of memoranda and personal diaries, contradictory of each other, often absurd in their exaggerations and childish in their triviality. From this farrago has Mr. Prescott had to cull—a labour of no trifling magnitude, whose result is most credible to him. And to our admiration of his talents are added feelings of strong sympathy, when we read his manly and affecting account of the painful circumstances under which the work was done. Deprived by an accident of the sight of one eye, the other has for years been so weak as at times to be useless to him for all purposes of reading or writing. At intervals he was able to read print several hours a day but manuscript was far more trying to his impaired vision, and writing was only possible through those aids by which even the stone-blind may accomplish it. But when he could read, although only by daylight, he felt, he says, satisfied with being raised so nearly to a level with the rest of his species unfortunately, the evil increases. "The sight of my eye has become gradually dimmed, whilst the sensibility of the nerve has been so far increased, that for several weeks of the last year I have not opened a volume, and through the whole time I have not had the use of it, on an average, for more than an hour a day." Sustained by love of letters, and assisted by readers and amanuenses, the student and scholar has triumphed over these cruel disadvantages, surmounted all obstacles, and produced three long and important historical works, conspicuous by their impartiality, research, and elegance; entitling him to an exceedingly honourable position amongst writers in the English tongue, and to one of the very loftiest places in the as yet scantily filled gallery of American men of letters. The last of these works, of which Pizarro is the hero and Peru the scene, yields nothing in merit or interest to its predecessors.

The discovery of America infected Europe with a fever of exploration. Scarce a country was there, possessing a sea-frontier, whence expeditions did not proceed with a view to appropriate a share of the spoils and territory of the new-found "El-Dorado." In these ventures Spain, fresh from her long and bloody struggle with the Moor and abounding in fierce unsettled spirits, eager for action and adventure took a prominent part. The conquest of Cortes followed hard upon the discoveries of Columbus: Dutch, English, and Portuguese pushed their investigations in all directions; and, in less than thirty years from its first discovery, the whole eastern coast of both Americas was explored from north to south. The vast empire of Mexico was added to the Spanish crown, and the mother country was glutted and intoxicated by the Pactolus that flowed from this new possession. But enterprise was not yet exhausted, or thirst of gold satiated, and Balboa's discovery of the Pacific gave fresh stimulus to both. Rumour had long spoken of lands, as yet untroubled by European foot, where the precious metals were abundant and worthless as the sand upon the sea-beach. Years elapsed before any well-directed attempt was made to reach these golden shores. With a view to discovery and traffic in the Pacific, a settlement was made on the southern side of the Isthmus of Darien, and the town of Panama was built. But the armaments that were fitted out took a westerly direction, in hopes to realize a fixed idea of the Spanish government relative to an imaginary strait intersecting the Isthmus. At last an expedition sailed southwards, but soon returned, owing to the bad

health of its commander. This was in 1522. The moment and the man has not yet arrived. They came, two years later; Pizarro appeared, and Peru was discovered.

But the discovery was comparatively a trifling matter. There lay the long line of coast, stretching southeastwards from Panama; the navigator disposed to explore it, had but to spread his sails, keep the land in sight, and take the risk of the hidden shoals and reefs that might lie in his course. The seas to be crossed were often tempestuous; the country intervening between St. Michael's Gulf and the southern empire, whose rumoured wealth and civilization wrought so potently upon Spanish imagination, was peopled by fierce and warlike tribes. Shipwreck was to be dreaded, and a landing might for weeks or months be unsafe, if not impracticable. But what were such secondary dangers contrasted with the perils, doubly terrible from their unknown and mysterious nature, incurred by the sanguine Genoese and his bold companions, when they turned their brigantine's prow westward from Europe, and sailed—they knew not whither? Here the path was comparatively plain, and the goal ascertained; and although risks must be dared, reward was tolerably certain: for further tidings of the Peruvian empire had reached the ears of the Spaniards, less shadowy and incomplete than the vague hints received by Balboa from an Indian chief. Andagoya, the officer whom illness had compelled to abandon an expedition when it was scarcely commenced, had brought back intelligence far more explicit, obtained from Indian traders who had penetrated by land into the empire of the Incas, as far (so he says in his own manuscript, comprised in Navarrete's collection) as its capital city of Cuzco. They spoke of a pagan but civilized land, opulent and flourishing; they described the divisions of its provinces, the wealth of its cities, the manners and usages of its inhabitants. But had their description been far more minute and glowing, the imagination of those who received the accounts would still have outstripped reality and possibility. Those were the days of golden visions and chimerical day-dreams.

In the fancy of the greedy and credulous Spaniards, each corner of the New World contained treasures, compared to which the golden trees and jewelled fruits of Aladdin's garden were paste and tinsel. The exaggerated reports of those adventurers who returned wealth-laden to Spain, were swollen by repetition to dimensions which enchantment only could have realized. No marvels were too monstrous and unwieldy for the craving gullet of popular credulity. "They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to revive the classic legends of antiquity, to stories of Patagonian giants, to flaming pictures of an *El-Dorado*, where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers." And expeditions were actually undertaken in search of a magical Fountain of Health, of golden sepulchres and temples. The Amazons and the water of life are still to be discovered; but as to golden temples and jewelled sands, their equivalents, at least, were forthcoming,—not for the many, but for a chosen and lucky few. Of the fortunes of these the record is preserved; of the misfortunes of those comparatively little is told us. We hear of the thousands of golden "castellanos" that fell to the lot of men, who a moment previously, were without a maravedi in their tattered pouches; we find no catalogue of the fever-stricken victims who left their bones in the noxious districts of Panama and Castillo de Oro. And those who achieved riches, earned them hardly by peril and privation, although, in the magnificence of the plunder, past sufferings were quickly forgotten. Thrice did Pizarro and his daring companions sail southward; countless were their hardships, bitter their disappointments, before the sunshine of success rewarded their toils, revealing to them treasures that must in some degree have appeased even their appetite for lucre. They came suddenly upon a town whose inhabitants, taken by surprise, fled in consternation, abandoning their property to the invaders.

It was the emerald region, and great store of the gems fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Pizarro had one as large as a pigeon's egg. A quantity of crowns and other ornaments, clumsily fashioned, but of pure gold and silver, were more to the taste of the ignorant conquerors, who were sceptical as to the value of the jewels. "Many of them," says Pedro Pizarro, whose rough, straightforward account of the discovery and conquest of Peru is frequently quoted by Mr. Prescott, "had emeralds of great value; some tried them upon anvils, striking them with hammers, saying that if they were genuine, they would not break; others despised them, and affirmed that they were glass." A cunning monk, one of the missionaries whom Pizarro had been ordered by the Spanish government to take out in his ships, encouraged this opinion, in order to buy up the emeralds as their market value declined. The specie, however, was of immense amount, if the authority just quoted may be depended upon. He talks of two hundred thousand castellanos, the commercial value of which was equivalent to more than half a million sterling. This from one village, of no great size or importance. It was a handsome earnest of future spoils, and of the mountain of gold which, as an Inca's ransom, awaited the Spaniards at Cuzco.

In these days, when the rumoured existence of a land previously unknown provokes expeditions authorized and fitted out by half the maritime powers of Europe, and when great nations risk the peace of the world for the possession of a paltry Pacific islet, the small degree of vigour shown by the Spanish crown in pushing its American discoveries fills us with surprise. Take Peru as an instance.

The isthmus of Darien was colonized by Spaniards; Mexico was theirs, and the armaments sent by Pedrarias from Panama to explore in a north-westerly direction, had met at Honduras the conquerors of the Aztecs, the brave and fortunate companions of Hernan Cortes. One empire had received the Spanish yoke; at Panama the foot of the European was on the threshold of another; but there it paused, desirous, yet fearing, to proceed. No aid or encouragement to enterprise was afforded from Spain; it was left to private capital and individual daring further to extend colonies already so vast. A priest found the money; two veteran soldiers, of low extraction, desperate fortunes, and brave spirit, undertook the risk. The most remarkable of the three men who thus formed a partnership for the conquest of kingdoms, could neither read nor write, was illegitimate, and a foundling. "He was born in Truxillo," says Gomara, in his *Historia de las Indias*; "was left at the door of a church, and for a certain number of days he sucked a sow, none being willing to give him milk." Young Pizarro subsequently required this porcine nourishment by taking care of his foster-mother's relatives. The chief occupation of his youth was that of a swineherd. Gomara's account of his birth, however, is only one of many, various and contradictory in their details. The facts that very little is known of the early years of Francisco Pizarro. His valour and soldierly qualities he doubtless inherited from his father, a Spanish colonel of infantry, who served with distinction in Italy and Navarre. Neither from him nor from his mother, a person of low condition, did he re-

ceive much parental attention. Even the date of his birth is a matter of doubt, and has been differently stated by different chroniclers. He cannot, however, have been far from fifty when he started on his Peruvian expedition. During the fourteen previous years he had followed the fortunes of Ojeda, Balboa, and other Spanish-American adventurers, until at last the opportunity offered for himself to assume a command to which he proved in every way competent. His rank was that of captain, and the number of men under his orders made but a slender company, when, in the month of November, 1524, he left the port of Panama, on board a small vessel, indifferently provided, and of no great seaworthiness. About a hundred adventurers (some accounts say eighty, others a hundred and twenty), stalwart, stout-hearted fellows, for the most part of no very reputable description, composed the powerful army destined to invade a populous empire. They started under many disadvantages. Almagro, Pizarro's partner in the undertaking, who was to follow in another ship, as it could be got ready, had had the virtualing of that on which his colleague embarked, and he had performed the duty in a slovenly manner, reckoning that, upon a coasting voyage, supplies might be obtained from shore. Landing for this purpose, a few leagues south of the river Biru, Pizarro could procure nothing beside wood and water. A tremendous storm came on; for ten days the ship was in imminent danger, tossed by the furious waves; rations ran short, and two ears of Indian corn were each man's daily allowance. Thus poorly nourished, and in a crazy ship, they struggled with desperate energy against the fury of the tropical tempest. Only a miracle, as it seemed, could have saved them, and yet they escaped. The vessel bore Pizarro and his fortunes.

This first expedition, however, resulted in nothing, except much suffering and discontent. On landing, after the storm, the voyagers found themselves in a desolate and unproductive country, covered with tangled forests, antenanted even by beasts or birds. No living creatures were visible except noxious insects—no food was obtainable, save herbs and berries, unpalatable, and often poisonous.

The men desponded, and would fain have returned to Panama; but Pizarro, with much difficulty, appeased their murmurs, and sending back the ship to the Isle of Pearls for provisions, attempted to explore the country. On all sides stretched gloomy forests, matted with creepers, and penetrable only with axe in hand; habitations there were none; the bitter buds of the palm, and an occasional stranded shell-fish, were the best entertainment offered by that inhospitable region to the weary and disheartened wanderers, some of whom actually perished by famine. At last, after many weeks' misery, an Indian village was discovered. The Spaniards rushed upon it like starving wolves upon a sheep-fold, and got a small supply of food, chiefly maize and cocoa nuts. Here, also, they received further tidings of the golden southern realm that had lured them on this luckless voyage. "Ten day's journey across the mountains," the Indians told Pizarro, "there dwelt a mighty monarch, whose dominions had been invaded by one still more powerful—the Child of the Sun." They referred to the kingdom of Quito, which the warlike Inca, Huayna Capac, had added, some thirty years previously, to the empire of Peru.

Six long weeks of hunger and misery had elapsed, when the ship returned with good store of provisions. Revived by the seasonable supply, the adventurers were now as eager to prosecute their voyage as they shortly before had been to abandon it; and leaving Famine Port, the name given by Pizarro to the scene of their sufferings, they again sailed southwards. When next they landed, it was to plunder an Indian village of its provisions and gold. Here they found traces of cannibalism. "In the pots for the dinner, which stood upon the fire," says Herrera, in his *Historia General de las Indias*, "amongst the flesh which they took out, were feet and hands of men, whence they knew that those Indians were Caribs."—The Caribs being the only cannibals as yet known in that part of the New World. This discovery drove the horrified Spaniards to their ships, from which they again landed at Punto Quemado, the limit of this first expedition. The sturdy resistance they there met from some warlike savages, in a skirmish, with whom they had two men killed and many wounded (Pizarro himself receiving seven wounds), made them reflect on the temerity of proceeding further with such a scanty force. Their ship, too, was in a crippled state, and in a council of war it was decided to return to Panama, and seek the countenance and assistance of the governor for the further prosecution of the enterprise.

Without attempting to follow Mr. Prescott through his detailed and interesting account of Pizarro's difficulties, struggles, and adventures, during the six years that intervened between his first departure from Panama, and his commencement of the conquest of Peru, we will glance at the character and deeds of a few of his comrades. The principle of these was Diego de Almagro, a brave and honourable soldier, who placed a confidence in his leader which the sequel shows was scarcely merited. A foundling like Pizarro, like him he was uneducated, and unable to sign his name to the singular covenant by which the two, in concert with Father Luke (the Spanish ecclesiastic, who found the funds for the expedition), agreed, upon oath, and in the name of God and the Holy Evangelists, to divide amongst them unequal shares, all the lands, treasures, gold, silver, precious stones, and other property, that might accrue as the result of their enterprise. For in such terms "three obscure individuals coolly carved out, and partitioned amongst themselves, an empire of whose extent, power, and resources, of whose situation, of whose existence even they had no sure and precise knowledge." Contented at first with the post of second in command, it does not appear whether it was on his own solicitation that Almagro was named by the governor of Panama Pizarro's equal in the second expedition. This domination greatly mortified Pizarro, who suspected Almagro of having sought it, and did not neglect, when the opportunity offered, on his visit to the Court of Charles the Fifth, to repay him in kind. As far as can be gathered from the mass of conflicting evidence, Almagro was frank in disposition and straightforward in his dealings, but hasty in temper, and of ungovernable passions. When he had despatched Pizarro on the first voyage, he lost the least possible time in following him, tracing his progress by the concerted signal of notches on the trees. In this manner he descended the coast to Punto Quemado, and in his turn, had a fight with the natives, whose village he burned, and drove them into the woods. In this affair he lost an eye by a javelin wound. Passing Pizarro's vessel without observing it, he pushed on to the mouth of the river San Juan, whence he returned to Panama, having gone further, suffered less, and collected more gold than his friend. At this time, however, great animosity and mutual reliance existed between them; although not long afterwards we find them quarrelling fiercely, and only prevented by the interposition of their subordinates from settling their differences sabre in hand.

Bartholomew Ruiz, an Andalusian pilot, a native of that village of Moguer which supplied Columbus with many seamen for his first voyages, also played an important part in the earlier researches of the discoveries of Peru. Upon

the second voyage, when the two ships had reached the river of San Juan, he was detached in one of them to explore the coast, and soon made the little island of Gallo, in two degrees of north latitude. The hostile demonstration of the natives prevented his landing, and he continued his course southwards, along a coast crowded with spectators.

"They stood gazing on the vessel of the white man, as it glided smoothly into the crystal waters of the bay, fancying it, says an old writer, some mysterious beings descended from the skies."

The account of Ruiz's voyage, although it occupied but a few weeks, and was comparatively devoid of adventure, has a romantic and peculiar charm. The first European, who, sailing in that direction on the Pacific crossed the equinoctial line, he was also the first who obtained ocular proof of Peruvian civilization. He fell in with a "balsa," or native raft, consisting of beams lashed together, floored with reeds, guided by a rude rudder and rigged with a cotton square sail.

On board this primitive craft, still in use on the rivers and coast of South America—were several Indians, whose dresses and ornaments, showing a great ingenuity and progress in manufacturing art, excited his surprise and admiration.

"Mirrors mounted in silver," says a Spanish narrator of Ruiz's cruise, "and cups and other drinking vessels, blankets of cotton and wool, and shirts, and vests, and many other garments, embroidered for the most part with very rich embroideries of scarlet, and crimson and blue, and yellow and other colors, in various designs and figures of birds and animals, and fishes and trees; and they had small scales in the fashion of a steelyard, for weighing gold, and many other things."

Right musical to the ears of the Spaniards were the tales these Indians told of the abundance of the precious metals in the palaces of their king. Wood, according to their report, was scarcely more plentiful than silver and gold. And they enlarged upon the subject, until their auditors hardly dared credit the flattering accounts which, as they were soon to find little exceeded the truth. Detaining a few of the Indians, that they might repeat their tale to Pizarro, and serve as interpreters, after they should have acquired the Spanish tongue, Ruiz prosecuted his voyage to about half a degree south of the line, and then returned to the place where his commander and comrades anxiously awaited him.

As pilot and navigator, old Ruiz rendered eminent services, and his courage and fidelity were equal to his nautical skill. In the former qualities another of Pizarro's little band, Pedro de Candia, a Greek cavalier, was no way his inferior, though his talents were rather of a military than a maritime cast. Soon after the return of Ruiz to the river San Juan, Almagro, who had been to Panama for reinforcements, made his appearance with recruits and stores. The pilot's report inspired all with enthusiasm, and "Southward ho!" was again the cry.

They reached the shores of Quito, and anchored off the port of Tacamez. Before them lay a large and rich town, whose population glittered with gold and jewels. Instead of the dark swamps and impervious forests where they had left the bones of so many of their companions, the adventurers beheld groves of sandal and ebony extending to the very margin of the ocean; maize and potatoe fields, and cocoa plantations, gave promise of plenty; the streams washed down gold dust, and on the banks of one were quarries of emeralds. This charming scene brought water into the mouth of the Spaniards; but their wishes were not yet to be fulfilled; with the cup at their lips they were forbidden to taste.

A numerous array of armed and resolute natives set them at defiance. And that they did so, speaks highly for their courage, when we consider the notion they entertained of the party of horsemen, who, with Pizarro at their head, effected a landing. Like the Mexicans and other races to whom the horse was unknown, until introduced from Europe, they imagined man and beast to form one strange and unaccountable monster, and had therefore the same excuse for a panic that a European army would have if suddenly assailed by a regiment of flying dragons.

Nevertheless they boldly charged the intruders. These, feeling their own inability to cope with the army of warriors that lined the shore, and which numbered according to some accounts, fully ten thousand men, had landed with the sole purpose of seeking an amiable conference. Instead of a peaceful parley, they found themselves forced into a very unequal fight.

"It might have gone hard with the Spaniards, hotly pressed by their resolute enemy, but for a ludicrous incident reported by the historians as happening to one of the cavaliers. This was a fall from his horse, which so astonished the barbarians, who were not prepared for the division of what seemed one and the same being into two, that filled with consternation they fell back, and left a way open for the Christians to regain their vessels."

Doubting not that the account they could now give of the riches of Peru, would bring crowds of volunteers to their standard, Almagro and some of his companions sailed for Panama, to seek the succors so greatly needed; Pizarro consenting after some angry discussion, to await their return upon the island of Gallo.

The men who were to remain with him were highly discontented at their commander's decision, and one of them secreted a letter in a ball of cotton, sent as a sample of Peruvian produce, to the wife of the governor of Panama. In this letter were complaints of privation and misery, and bitter attacks upon Pizarro, and Almagro, whom the disaffected soldiers represented as sacrificing their comrade's lives to their own ambition. The paper reached its destination; the governor was indignant, and sent ships to fetch away the whole party. But Pizarro encouraged by letters from his two partners, who promised him the means of continuing his voyage, steadily refused to budge.

With his sword he drew a line upon the sand from east to west, exposed, with a soldier's frugality of words, the glory and prosperity that awaited them in Peru, and the disgrace of abandoning the enterprise. and then, stepping across the line, bade brave men stay by him and recreants retreat. Thirteen were staunch to their courageous leader. The first to range himself by his side was the pilot Ruiz; the second was Pedro de Candia. The names of the eleven others have also been preserved by the chroniclers.

A handful of men without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without vessels to transport them, were here left upon a lonely rock in the ocean, with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry that surpasses it? This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate.

Had Pizarro faltered from his strong purpose, and yielded to the occasion now so temptingly presented for extricating himself and his broken band from their desperate position, his name would have been buried with his fortunes, and

the conquest of Peru would have been left for other and more successful adventurers."

Courage and constancy had their reward. True to their word, Luque and Almagro sent a small vessel to take off Pizarro and his little band. They embarked, set sail, and after twenty days were in the gulf of Guayaquil, abreast of Chimborazo, and in full view of the fertile vale of Tumbez.

There an Inca noble came on board, and was received by Pizarro with all honor and distinction. In reply to his enquiries concerning the whence and wherefore of the white man's coming, the Spanish leader replied, "that he was the vassal of a great prince, the greatest and most powerful in the world, and that he had come to this country to assert his master's lawful supremacy over it."

He further announced his intention of rescuing them from the darkness of unbelief, and converting them to christianity. In reply to these communications the Inca chief said nothing—all, perhaps, that he understood. He was much more favorably impressed with a good dinner, Spanish wine, and the present of an iron hatchet.

The next day one of Pizarro's followers, Alonzo de Molina, by name, was sent on shore, with a propitiatory offering of pigs and poultry for the "curaca" or governor of the district. He brought back such marvellous accounts that he was set down as a liar; and Pedro de Candia was selected to bring a true report of things on shore, whither he was sent, "dressed in complete mail as became a good knight, with his sword by his side, and his arquebuse on his shoulder."

His brilliant equipment greatly dazzled the natives, and at the report of his arquebuse they fell to the ground in dismay. A wondrous story is gravely told by several chroniclers, how the Indians, taking him for a supernatural being, and desirous to ascertain the fact beyond a doubt, let loose a tiger upon him. Candia took a cross from his neck, and laid it upon the back of the animal, which instantly fawned upon, and galloped around him. On returning to his ship the report of the Greek cavalier confirmed that of Molina. Both as it subsequently appeared, were guilty of some exaggeration. But their flaming accounts of temples tapestried with plates of gold, and of convent gardens where fruits and vegetables were all in pure gold and silver, gave heart to the adventurers, and sent them on their way rejoicing.

To the port of Santa, nine degrees further south than any previous expedition had reached, they continued their voyage; and then, having fully convinced themselves of the richness of the country and the importance of their discoveries, but being too few and too feeble to profit by them, they retraced their course to Panama, and arrived there after an absence of 18 months, early in the year 1528.

It was now that Pizarro, finding the governor of Panama unwilling to assist him either with men or money, set out for Europe, to lay the report of his discoveries before the Emperor, and implore his support and patronage. He had little taste for the mission. The unlettered soldier, the war-worn and weather-beaten adventurer, was at home on the deck of a tempest-tost caravel, or in the depths of a howling wildness, where courage, coolness, and fortitude were the qualities needed; and there he would rather risk himself than in the perfumed atmosphere of a court. His associates, however, urged him to depart. Father Luque's clerical duties prevented him from undertaking the journey; neither by manners nor appearance was Almagro eligible as an envoy. Pizarro, although wholly uneducated, was of commanding presence, and ready, even eloquent, in speech. With honourable frankness and confidence in his friend's integrity, Almagro urged him to set out. It was agreed that Pizarro should solicit for himself the offices of governor and captain-general of the newly discovered country; for Almagro that of *adelantado*; that the pilot Ruiz should be Alguacil Mayor, and Father Luque Bishop of Tumbez. Promising to act in conformity with this agreement, and in all respects to consult his friends' interests equally with his own, Pizarro, accompanied by Pedro de Candia, and taking with him some Peruvians and llamas, specimens of cloth and ornaments of gold and silver, traversed the Isthmus and embarked for Spain.

The discoverer and future conqueror of Peru had scarcely set foot upon his native soil, when he was thrown into prison for a debt of twenty years' standing, incurred by him as one of the early colonists of Darien. Released from duress, so soon as intelligence of his detention reached the court, he hurried to Toledo, where Charles the Fifth then was. The records of courts afford no scene more pregnant with interest than the arrival of Pizarro in the presence of his sovereign. It is the very romance of history,—a noble subject for either poet or painter. The great monarch was then in the zenith of his glory and full flush of his fame. Pavia had been won; the chivalrous king of France made prisoner. Charles, the hero of his day, was about to enter Italy and receive an imperial crown from a pontiff's hand. Engrossed by his own triumphs and by the spread of his European power and dominions, the fortunate monarch had scarcely given a thought to the rich conquests made in his name by obscure adventurers in the golden regions of the West. The arrival of Hernan Cortes, come to lay an empire at his feet, had scarcely roused him from his indifference, when, in that brilliant and martial court crowded with the nobles and grandees, there appeared an unknown soldier, penniless, almost friendless, the child of shame, but whose daring deeds and great achievements were soon to give his name a lustre far above any that gentle birth and lengthy pedigree can borrow. Wholly unknown, however, Pizarro was not. The tale of researches, prosecuted during a period of four years and in the teeth of innumerable difficulties and dangers, with a perseverance which rumour said had been rewarded by great discoveries, had reached the ears of Charles. Pizarro met a gracious reception and patient hearing. Unabashed before royalty, he spoke with the gravity of a Castilian, and the dignity of a man conscious of his own worth. And he spoke well—"so well," says Montesinos in his annals, "that he secured attention and applause at Toledo, where the Emperor was, who gave him audience with much pleasure, treated him lovingly, and heard him tenderly, especially when he related his constancy and that of his thirteen companions upon the island, in the midst of so many troubles and hardships." It is said that Charles shed tears at the recital of such great sufferings so nobly supported. Compelled to leave Spain, he recommended Pizarro to the Council of the Indies; and after some delay, the famous *Capitulacion* or agreement was drawn up and signed by the queen. By this document Pizarro received right of conquest and discovery in Peru as far as two hundred leagues south of Santiago, was made governor, captain general, *Adelantado* and Alguacil Mayor for life, with a salary of seven hundred and twenty-five thousand maravedis, and various immunities and privileges. Almagro was appointed commander of the fortress of Tumbez; Father Luque got his bishopric; Ruiz was named grand pilot of the Southern Ocean; Candia received command of the artillery; and on the eleven others who had remained on the island with Pizarro, the rank of *hidalgo* was bestowed, besides the promise of municipal dignities in Peru, when it should be under the Spanish rule. From this

statement, it is apparent that Pizarro either did not attempt, or failed in his endeavours, to procure for Almagro and Ruiz the offices he had promised to solicit for them, and which, on the contrary, were all heaped upon himself.—This treachery, or want of success, was the cause of bad blood between him and Almagro. Pizarro's conduct in the affair has been variously represented by different writers. His kinsman, Pedro Pizarro, vindicates him from the charge of unfair dealing. "And Don Francisco Pizarro petitioned in accordance with what had been agreed with his companions; and in the council he was answered that the government could not possibly be divided between two persons, for that had been done in Santa Marta, and one of the two had killed the other." And Pedro, who is a bit of partisan, and has a natural leaning to his cousin and commander, further states, that Pizarro, in honourable fulfilment of his promise pleaded urgently for Almagro, till he received a rebuff, and was told, that if he did not ask the *adelantamiento* for himself, it should be given to a stranger.

Whereupon he applied for it, and it was granted him in addition to his other dignities. He was also made a knight of St. Jago; and in the armorial bearings which he inherited by the father's side were introduced the black eagle and the two pillars emblazoned on the royal arms. A ship, a llama, and an Indian city were further added; "while the legend announced that under the auspices of Charles, and by the industry, the genius, and the resources of Pizarro Peru had been discovered and reduced to tranquillity." A premature announcement, which many subsequent scenes of bloodshed and violence sadly belied. As regards the good faith kept by Pizarro with Almagro and his other companions, and the degree of sincerity and perseverance with which he pressed their claims at the court of Spain, M. Prescott is justly sceptical; and much of the conqueror's after conduct compels us to believe that in such solicitations it was one word for his friend and two for himself. It is less interesting, however, to trace his dissimulation and double dealing, and the dissensions resulting from them, than to accompany him upon his final expedition to the empire of the Incas.

Although, by the articles of the *capitulacion*, Pizarro was bound to raise, within six months of its date, a well equipped force of two hundred and fifty men, it was with less than three-fourths of that number that he sailed from Panama in January, 1531. Careful to secure an ample share of the profits of the enterprise, the Spanish government did nothing to assist it, beyond providing some artillery and a few military stores. Pizarro must find the funds and the men, and this was no easy matter. To obtain the latter he repaired to his native town of Truxillo in Estremadura, where he recruited a few followers. Amongst them were four of his brothers—three illegitimate like himself, and one legitimate, Hernando Pizarro, a man of talent and energy, but of turbulent and overbearing disposition, who cut an important figure in the Peruvian campaigns. "They were all poor, and proud as they were poor," says Oviedo, who had seen them, "and their eagerness for again was in proportion to their poverty."

Consequently the New World was the very place for them. Many, however, who listened eagerly to Pizarro's account of the wealth to be obtained there, hesitated to seek it through the avenue of perils by which it was to be reached. As to money, those who had it were loath to invest on such frail security as Peruvian mines; thus proving themselves wiser in their generation than many in more recent times. Cortes, it is said, assisted Pizarro to the necessary funds, which he would hardly have raised without the aid of the Mexican conqueror; and the stipulated six months having expired, the newly-made governor of Peru cut his cables, and in all haste left the shores of Spain, fearing that if the incompleteness of his preparations got wind, the Spanish crown might recede from its share of the contract. At Panama, recruits were as reluctant and scarce as in Spain; and at last, impatient of delay, he started on his expedition with only one hundred and eighty men and twenty-seven horses. Their equipment, however, was good; they were well supplied with arms and ammunition, and, above all, sanguine of success. Before their departure, their banners and the royal standard were blessed by a Dominican monk, and the soldiers took the sacrament.—[To be concluded next week.]

#### EVENINGS AT SEA.

It has often been a matter of surprise that we should owe so little of the contents of our treasury of literature to officers of the navy while actually employed at sea. The abundant leisure at their disposal, the endless variety of places visited, of events witnessed, of perils shared in, which their noble and important profession forces upon them, would appear to give every facility to those who are gifted with descriptive or imaginative powers, and to be almost capable of creating such were they do not originally exist.

But any one who has himself been for a long time on the desert of waters can no longer regard this with astonishment, he will have felt the difficulty of bringing the mind into active and continued exertion in pursuits unconnected with passing events. Though the physical functions may be stimulated into unusual vigour by the bracing air and healthful life on board the power and energy of the mind are far from being proportionately increased.

Having just landed from a long and tedious voyage, I fell in my own experience a reproachful confirmation of this accusation of idleness against a life at sea. All the admirable resolutions of study and self-improvement, formed with the firmness of a Brutus on the shore, melted away with the weakness of an Antony when I trusted myself to the faithless bosom of the deep.

But there is no place where the stores of memory are more brought into use in the way of narration, than on board ship; perhaps it is that those who are at all inclined to garrulity find patient and idle listeners more readily than under any other circumstances.

My fellow-passengers, though not very numerous, were men of sundry countries, characters, and pursuits, and their manners and conversation made up in their odd and discordant variety for what they lacked in refinement and intellectuality. It appears to me always the wisest plan for a traveller to join in the society of his fellow passengers, whoever or whatever they may be. It is our own fault if we ever meet any one so dull as to be incapable of affording us some amusement, or so ignorant that we can derive no instruction from their conversation. The fact is, that we are sure to be thrown into communication with many men who have travelled much, who have seen many countries, and tried many pursuits, of which we have known but little, and of which it must be always desirable that our information should be increased.

During our voyage, we usually assembled in the fine calm evenings of a southern latitude, on the poop of the vessel, guarded from the evils of the dewy air by a tent-like tarpaulin attached to the mizen-mast overhead, with the friendly glass and the pipe or cigar to aid our social chat. After a little time our conversation often lapsed into narrative. As the thread of our discourse twisted through the various textures of our different minds, a subject would at times strike on the strong point or favourite idea of some one of our party,

and with a half passive, half interested attention we would hear him to the end.

A few of these men had lived active and adventurous lives, and witnessed stirring scenes; indeed there was hardly one of them who had not some experience of interest, wherewith to contribute to the armoury with which we waged war against time, that enemy whose strength becomes almost a tyranny on board ship. Frequently, on the following morning, I used to endeavour to record the most striking of these narratives in the best manner my memory permitted—but I fear in a way which will prove but a too strong evidence of the soundness of the assertion I commenced by putting forth, as to the difficulty of any literary effort while at sea. The first narrative which I find noted in my manuscript was related to us by the agent of an English mining company in Peru: he was then on his way to London on business connected with his calling, and seemed a man of quick intelligence, information, and kindly feelings. His description of the golden and beautiful region whence he had come, and the adventurous and prosperous labours of our own countrymen in that distant land, were highly interesting; but a simple story of the noble conduct of one of his miners—a rude and illiterate Cornish man—caught my attention far more than anything else, and added another strong link to the chain of sympathy which binds my heart in love and kindly feeling to my fellow beings. I give you his tale as I best can.

#### EVENING FIRST.—THE MINER.

In the spring of the year 1838, a vessel sailed from Falmouth, with thirty-two Cornish miners and artisans on board, engaged by different companies for Peru. They were principally young and adventurous men, who are readily induced to change the certainty of hard work and indifferent remuneration at home for the chances of a strange land. Some of them took their families to share their fate, others left them behind, to await their return if successful, or to follow the next year if fortune should befriended the emigrants.

Among these latter was John Short, a man of about four-and-thirty years of age; his brother-in-law, William Wakeham, two or three years his junior, accompanied him: both were skilled and experienced miners. Mary Short, the wife of the former, remained with old Wakeham, her father, who was a small farmer, living in the neighbourhood of Penzance. She had been married some twelve years before this separation from her husband, and had two surviving children, both of them young and helpless.

Her father had been much angered at her marriage: as in those days her young husband bore no very steady character, and was better known in the tap-room of the alehouse than at the labour-master of the Captain of the mine. Indeed, the father had threatened to turn her out of doors for persisting in keeping acquaintance with the idle miner; and her brother, William Wakeham, a very robust and quick-tempered young man, had beaten her lover severely in a drunken quarrel, originating in the same cause. The injuries were so severe that John Short was carried to an hospital, where his kind-hearted but violent assailant paid him the most careful and anxious attention. A friendship was there formed which resulted in William Wakeham becoming a miner and John marrying his sister. The father was finally and with much difficulty reconciled to both these arrangements.

The young couple toiled on well enough through their hard life; the alehouse was abandoned, and but that poor John was sometimes weak and ailing and could not work, Polly had no reason to regret her choice. William, who lived with them was not quite so steady as they could have wished: he often stayed out all night, and they were not without suspicion that the employment of these hours of darkness was scarcely reconcilable with strict obedience to the very arbitrary game-laws. In short, he was "had up" several times, and more indebted to good luck than either his innocence or any mild weakness or legislation, that he did not become one of those whom we have driven forth from among ourselves to be the founders of that great future empire, whose principal geographical feature is Botany Bay.

But whenever his brother was too ill to go down to the mines, he worked double tides: and neither the heathery moors nor shady coverts had charms enough to tempt him away, when his sister or her family wanted half the loaf his labour was to purchase. At length hard times came upon the neighbourhood: work was scarce and wages low; the consequence was that the game in the adjoining preserves suffered considerably, and the tap-room of the village alehouse echoed with the voice of sedition and discontent, instead of the coarse but good-humoured gossip and song which had formerly been wont to be heard within its walls. This proved an excellent opportunity for the mining agent to secure good workmen for some speculations then being entered upon in South America. Accordingly, a flaming advertisement in huge red and blue letters was posted up all over the country,—"Speedy fortune to be realized—gold mines of Peru—wanted some steady and experienced miners—high wages—free passage and a bounty."

Poor William Wakeham's literary acquirements but just enabled him to make out the drift of the offer: Peru or Palestine, it was all the same to him; no change could make him much worse off than he already was. A picture at the top of the advertisement, of a man with a broad-brimmed hat, a pick-axe in one hand, and an enormously plethoric purse in the other, had great weight with him; and a strong hint from a neighbouring magistrate who preserved pheasants, quite determined his acceptance of the opportunity, if he could only persuade his brother-in-law to join the venture. After a good deal of argument and many consultations, John Short consented to go. He was threatened with ejectment from his cottage for arrears of rent, which the company's promised bounty would be more than sufficient to discharge; but what overcame his greatest difficulty was, that he received a promise from the agent that Polly and the little ones should follow them out next spring, for in this present voyage the number of women allowed to accompany the emigrants had been already completed. In the meantime she was to receive a portion of her husband's and brother's wages, which would make her comfortable and independent in her father's house. Poor thing! she combated the scheme strenuously; and all the prospects of making their fortune, and their present dire necessity, could scarcely induce her to agree to so long a separation.

Her husband and brother embarked after a cheerful but affectionate parting. She went home to her father's, who treated her kindly enough, and cried her eyes out for a week; but then the toils and anxieties of daily life distracted the sadness of her mind, and the strong hope of soon joining her husband again, and of their returning to England in a few years' time, supported her through the tedious interval.

The brothers were astonished at all they saw on board. The ship itself—the rudder—the compass, everything was new to them; they had scarcely ever been out of their own remote parish before, and the strangeness and novelty of what they saw diverted their simple minds for a time even from Poor Polly and her parting sorrow. But when the vessel was once fairly under weigh, and the verdant slopes and woody hills of their fatherland had begun to grow dim in the

distance, and the gloomy monotony of the great sea lay around instead, a dreary anxiety possessed their minds, and a vague feeling almost of terror, sank into their stout hearts. They would then have gladly sacrificed all their gilded prospects, to be back once again in their little cottage, with poor Polly and their poverty. It was, however, too late; they could scarcely tell, in the fading light of evening, whether it were a cloud or a dim line of hills which stretched close along the horizon, in the direction where lay the home they had left behind, perhaps for ever.

Before them was the ocean; to them a confused and indistinct idea—unknown and uncertain as their future fate.

I am sorry to say William Wakeham's education had been by no means elaborate. Perhaps he was not altogether to blame for this; for though the masters he had laboured under cared very closely for the development of his stout and vigorous limbs, his moral improvement by no means interested them. But, worse than all, his ideas on theological subjects were exceedingly indistinct—the only religious instruction he had ever received having been in a small chapel of the Ranting persuasion, which, as the only house of worship close at hand, he occasionally attended. Indeed his stock of knowledge on these subjects consisted in a vague notion that the Pope and the Devil were perpetually engaged in mining operations, with explosive intentions, under houses of parliament.

But there was an instinct of reverence in his rude mind, and impression of awe and love for that God of whom he had heard his mother often speak, many years ago when he was a little child, before her early death. Sometimes in the bright summer nights, when he was labouring in the bowels of the earth, he would rest awhile from his work, and gaze up through the shafts at the blue sky, till the dim but holy memories of the past crowded on his brain. He fancied then that the Great Being looked down from the high Heaven through a million starry eyes, into the deep mine—to his simple heart; and he felt that there was One far greater than the Captain of the workmen, or even than Squire Trebeck the neighbouring magistrate and to whom the strength of his vigorous limbs was but the weakness of a child.

When, in the summer Sunday afternoon, he rambled on the pleasant surface of the earth, in the fresh open air, with his brother and sister, and felt the warm sunshine, and saw the golden corn, and the lazy cattle, and the trout leaping in the pool; and heard little fidgety birds with very big voices, singing with all their might to tell how happy they were; he felt that He who is great is also good,—that He who has all power has boundless mercy too.

But ignorance and evil companions very often led poor William astray: and when temptations pulled one way and his good instincts another, it sometimes ended that he would poach, and drink, and fight as much as any of them, and prove very sore and penitent the next morning. John Short was what is called "a good kind of man," with few of the faults or virtues of his brother-in-law. He was quiet, industrious, and a good husband, but of a weakly constitution, and not much character or peculiarity one way or the other. Ever since their first quarrel these two had continued in hearty favour and good-will one towards the other. And this friendship helped them through many a pinch, and cheered many a rough day.

It would be needless to follow the miners all through their voyage—to tell at length how they wondered that the sea could be so wide and the world so large—how the sun, as they went westward, seemed to travel so much faster—and that, in spite of all they could do, their great fat watches could not keep up with him;—and how a great storm arose, and blew for three whole days and nights in their teeth, and raised up monstrous waves to drive the vessel back; then how the calm came, and the sails wet with the heavy dews, hung idly on the spars, like Polly's washing on the lines in the back-yard at home.

After many weeks they touched at Rio Janeiro, when they went ashore for a little while to stretch their limbs. They were astonished at all they saw—the vast fleet of ships, the busy quays, the crowds of strange looking brown people who were dressed like the man they had seen in the play long ago at Penzance fair, and the queer way that they all talked, so that our friends could not understand a word they said; and the priests with loose robes and comical hats, who made them wonder if there were a parliament at Rio, for it would be surely blown up; mules larger than horses, with coats as smooth as satin; and above all, they were astonished at seeing a crowd of very ugly black people chained hand in hand in one of the squares, tethered for all the world like sheep on the market-green at home. They were fairly bewildered; and when they got on board again they agreed that they could not attend to digging even for gold itself, if Peru were half so foreign a looking place as that.

They have left Rio, and steer along the Patagonian shore; the weather grows colder, the seas more stormy. They pass the gloomy mountains of the desolate and mysterious "Land of fire." Sometimes in the dark and tempestuous nights they can distinguish, far away over the western sea, sudden bursts of volcanic flame issuing from these unknown solitudes, illumining the frowning sky above, and the rocky wilderness around. In a long-continued storm of wind, and sleet, and snow, they double Cape Horn; then, in a short time more, as they tend again towards the delightful regions of the tropics, the soft breezes of the Pacific fill their sails, and the calm sea and gentle climate repay them for the storms and hardships they have struggled through.

They touch at Valparaiso for a few days, where their simple wonder is again renewed; and finally, early in August, disembark at Lima, having gone through their long voyage in health and strength. After a short time allowed them to recruit, the emigrants were divided into several parties, and pushed on to the different stations in the interior.

The mine which our friends were destined to aid in working, was about ten days' journey from the coast. At some remote period of time, it had been worked with great success by the Indians; but till its recent re-discovery by a singular accident, when it passed into the hands of a wealthy English company, it had remained unknown: the secret of its locality having died with the Indian chief, whose hatred of the rapacious Spaniards had caused him to fill up the shaft, and hide all traces by which it could be found. There was a continual ascent: for a few days they passed through comparatively peopled lands, and usually stopped at some village or hamlet by a river's side, where provisions and refreshments could be obtained for themselves and their mules, without trenching on their stores. Indeed, the abundant wild fruits, and rich and luxuriant grasses, would have stood them in good stead with but little other assistance.

But the last three days of their journey was through savage and sterile hills, by rocky gorges cut in the hard soil by streams now nearly dry; and the unbeaten track told them that travellers but rarely intruded on this lonely district. At length they reached their journey's end, and set stoutly to work to erect huts, and establish themselves for the coming winter. Numbers of Indians and half-castes soon joined them to assist in the simpler labours of the mine, and supply the workmen with provisions and other necessities of life. Twelve

of the Cornish men were employed in this party. Their first labours were directed to sinking a shaft of considerable depth in the mountain's side, at the place where the discoverer pointed out.

Some months elapsed before the miners arrived at any satisfactory indications of precious ores; but, confident in ultimate success, our friends had got the clerk to write for them to Polly to say "all's well," and that she must not fail to come, as they were now housed and ready to make her and the little ones comfortable in that strange country.

At the time of the expected arrival of the ship which was to bear her, the completion of the great shaft was close at hand; the appearance of the veins of ore was such as to create the most sanguine expectations, and a day was fixed for finishing off the shaft previous to commencing to raise the precious object of their labours. They worked till late on the evening of the appointed day in boring and tamping for a large blast which was to clear away the last ledge of rock lying between them and the vein of metal.

When the charge was completed, William Wakeham and John Short were left below to fire it. The other workmen were raised upon a stage by the windlass in the usual manner; and with most culpable carelessness hastened off to the spirit-shop which had already cursed the little settlement with its presence, to make merry for having arrived at this stage of their labours, leaving only a weakly boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age at the windlass. There was some delay in fixing the match; and ere all was ready, the short twilight of those sultry regions had darkened into night, and William's old friends, the stars, looked down on him again through the deep well, as they had often done of yore. Then he and John talked of the old times and the old country, and of Polly's coming soon, and how the little ones would have grown, and how, in a few years, they would all go back home again over the terrible sea, and lay their bones to rest at last under the Cornish soil. They had no business to linger so long over their work; but once they began to talk over such things as these, it was hard to stop them.

"Now we have done with this weary blast," said Wakeham, as he lighted the fuse, and stepped, with his brother, on to the stage. He then sounded the whistle, the signal for working the windlass to raise them. They rose very slowly—unpleasantly so, indeed, for the fuse would burn but for five minutes. "Hurry on, wind faster," shouted William. Instead of that the stage stopped altogether, and a feeble childish voice from the top of the deep pit cried, "You are to heavy, I can only raise one at a time." "Get help quickly, or we'll be blown up," shouted William, now seeing the imminent peril. For some twenty feet below in the dark hole he saw the match burning rapidly down, fizzing and flashing as if running a race with them for life. "Get help," again he shouted. But the feeble voice, now in a terrified tone, told them that all were gone away but that one weak boy. "But I think I can raise one." There was but a moment to spare—perhaps not even that.

What passed through William Wakeham's mind at that tremendous time no tongue can ever tell. He dearly loved life; his pulse beat in the full vigour of sturdy health; he had learned but little of that hope whose fulfilment "passeth all understanding"; he had never read how the Roman or the Greek sought death in a good cause, and gave their names to brighten history's page, and gain what in our vain human talk is immortality. But that Great Being whose power and love had spoken to him in the bright stars and pleasant fields, had planted in the rude miner's breast a good and gallant heart, and in that time of trial he did as brave a deed as ever poet sang. "Good-bye, John—look to poor Polly!" One grasp of his brother's hand, and he leaped from the stage down into the darksome pit.

Now the windlass winds freely up: there is hope for the one left; but the match burns quickly too, and writhes and flashes close down to the charge. Lay on stoutly! lay on!—strain every nerve, weak boy!—on every pull is the chance of a human life! John Short reaches the mouth of the shaft in safety; but before he springs out on the ground he turns one look below. His brother lay motionless on the bottom on one side of the rich vein of metal; at the other, the terrible match blazed up just as it reached the charge. Senseless with terror, he fell on his face at the pit's mouth, and the next moment up burst the mine, shooting the rent rock and the heavy clay into the air above.

When John Short recovered himself from his stupor, he looked down the gloomy hole with hopeless agony, from whence the heavy sulphurous smoke of the powder still ascended; and as he wrung his hands he cried, "Oh! poor Bill, dear boy, would that I had been there instead of you!" But stop—surely that is a voice—listen closer—yes—God of mercy! he is alive still. Up from the bowels of the earth comes that cheery, hearty voice, not a tone the worse.

How my heart warms as I tell this tale! Would that words came now at my desire to stir up the spirit to love and admiration! Gallant William Wakeham—noble child of nature—chivalrous boor—hero unstained by slaughter! Were there in the sight of the Omnipotent aught of glory in any human action, surely your brave deed would shine before him in a brighter light than "the sun of Austerlitz" shed upon the bloody field where the power of an empire was trampled in the dust.

Down went the stage—up came Bill, blackened and bruised a little to be sure, but not to signify a jot: he had struck his head in falling against the side of the shaft and was stunned by the blow. It so happened by one of those wonderful contingencies which sometimes occur when, in human eyes, escape seems impossible, that he fell in a corner protected by the tough metallic vein which projected a little above the level of the bottom. The explosion bent this by its force, instead of shattering it like the surrounding rock, and turned the ledge over him. This in a great measure defended him from the stones which fell back again into the mine. The shock aroused him from the stunning effect of the blow which he had received in falling, and he shouted heartily, "All right, John! all right!"

His reward soon came—Polly and the children arrived safe and well. When she wept with joy and thanked him in her own simple way for having saved her husband for her, he was so happy in their happiness that he would readily have jumped into the bursting mine again, rather than they should be parted any more.

When our narrator, the mining agent, left Peru, the brothers were preparing to return to England; they had got on well enough, and had saved sufficient money to enable them to stock a little farm, near the village in Cornwall where they were born.

By the time this long story was told, it was past the usual hour of going to our berths; but I am ashamed to say that several of our party had already taken a large instalment of their night's rest, and knew no more about our friend William Wakeham than of the man in the moon.

*Modesty.*—A young lady in Boston recently fainted on entering a room where stood a bureau without drawers. At least so says the Post.

## SCOTT'S FICTIONS.—No. IV.

There is one thing which is admirable at once to the observation, the memory, the taste, and the judgment of Scott, and which is to be found in his poetical as well as the prose fictions of that writer, and that is the way and very correct manner in which he brings in his subordinates, not only as ornamental and relieving in his narratives, but also as illustrative of the times, places, and manners in which the story is placed, but are excellent accessories, as the painters would call them, to the scene, and do not seem to be placed there, as parvenues place views in a modern prospect, in order to give the scene an air of antiquity. They sit easily in their places, and there is just enough of them, and no more, introduced to give an air of similitude to the general effect, and to be necessary to the proper carrying on of the plot and conduct of the story.

We will instance the tenants-children recruits, from the Waverley estate, the lairds who are guests at the Barony of Bradwardine, the Henchman of the Highland chieftain, the captain of the border thieves, that villainous page Callum Beg, of the Highlander, the wife of the blacksmith, the amiable but well drawn different characters of the Presbyterian minister and the martial major, the very pure bluntness of the English military prisoner, and, in short, all who are introduced in the story of Waverley, and from whom neither the understanding nor the interest can recoil, nor is the reader even under the necessity of saying inwardly this character or this dialogue has no business here.

It is no wonder that criticism on fictions, whether historical fictions or pure ones, grew so fastidious after this work became familiar to the reading public, for we do not recollect such a number of characters introduced in a work of fiction before as in this of Waverley, unless, indeed, such as the Stories of Roderic Random or Tom Jones, or the Spanish fictions which are partly romantic partly satiric. Nor do we find one which could be struck out, and yet the sub-nomen of the book be carried out of "Tis sixty years since" the time of publication.

For instance, who in the present day can enter into the feelings of the landlord that his heir shall go into the army accompanied (we should properly say followed) by a numerous body of men from the estate and property, all eager to be under the command of the young man, and contented with knowing his happiness, prosperity, and honour, which are sufficient for theirs. Who, indeed, unless he were one born or living in those days and in such a community. Who now remembers, practically, the times when the once favorite song of "Ere around the huge oak which o'ershadows yon mill," was almost heard as a hymn, because almost every heart acknowledged the sentiment, and which was written about "sixty years since," with full belief in its doctrines and sentiments. The tenantry do not now, as then, look on the landlords as protectors, nor do the landlords consider the tenants as protected now, but each tries to get the utmost advantage of the other. Yet we can assure the world that, as the author calculated "sixty years since," such were generally the relations of the two classes, and that the contrary was the exception, not the rule. The custom which has now the ascendancy is letting farms by the year, and seldom by lease was the exception, though it is now the rule, and hence we unfortunately find that the rich landlord endeavours to screw down the poor tenant to the utmost he can be made to pay, and give no man an opportunity of making permanent improvements or important experiments on the land which may one day bring back a valuable interest on the pains and expense originally bestowed upon them. Hence the tenant has been brought to view the landlord as the remorseless exactor, and the landlord surveys the tenant as one who really desires to make more than he ought on property not his own. Hence, perhaps, it becomes a question of deeper interest between the landlord and tenant, that the free trade in foreign agricultural commodity should draw more strongly together two classes which for many centuries were bound together by the next lien to nature, and that both these should work together according to the wisdom which experience and mutual bonds should by this time have taught them.

We know not, nor do we wish to enquire too closely, how the present mode of agricultural relation may act upon the children of the peasantry; but there was a time, and we hope there may be again, when respect to the landlord was one of the branches of education early taught to the young, and care of the family of the tenant was early inculcated in the minds of the more fortunate upper class, and thus a mutual and healthy feeling excited. Such has Sir Walter depicted, and very, very felicitously and happily, and we know very correctly, for we were born in an agricultural district where their feeling was not worn away.

The guests of the Baron, such as Balmawhapple, and Killanworich, are men whom such as in every country and in every stage of politics we may meet, and they are persons who *side*, almost without knowing why they *side*, in any particular way. It is not merely of "sixty years since," but even now, we have abundance of those people who are practically partizans, and hardly know why they are so; and such will at all times be found. But these make a happy opening of the plot, which is to describe a Waverley, whose sentiments are not strong on any point of political belief, who can be easily blown to and fro, and who finally becomes a fellow-partizan with men whom he despises, because by accident he has got enlisted in the cause, and for consistency continues when the cause has no longer either attraction or reason to him. But how many are there who have been Foxes or Pitts, Whigs or Locofocos, because their fathers were so before them, or because they have thought proper to place themselves under some one of these heads in youth, and before consideration of a mature kind had induced them to do so? who are the partizans

of custom and not of reason, and who will die in defence of consistency, yet who really are hardly at all aware of what they stand up for. Such were Balmawhapple and Killanworich, some were for their own selfish sakes partizans, like the finely drawn highland chief, and how very few, (even of the times in this fiction) took party for the sake of the principle set up, and none other.

Evan Dhu Macombich, the henchman of the Vich Ian Vohr is a character not only beautiful in itself, but is a remarkably strong one, not only of the recent dependence of a Scottish tribe, but is very like the attachment which is ever found also in Ireland, where there is the foster-attraction between two people of different degrees in the community. The attachment of Evan Dhu to his chief, is true to wounds, imprisonment, death itself; he sees no disgrace save in outliving his chief, the cause of death is not a consideration. It is truly affecting to read Evan Dhu's speech at the Carlisle trial, and however the mind may be superior to the reasoning of the poor fellow, one cannot smile at his absurdities, but rather shed tears at his constancy, and yield admiration at his points of defiance. This is a fine delineation.

The black-mail captain, Bean Lean, is no otherwise remarkable than as the painting or representative of a character at that time common enough on the borders of Scotland, and hopeful that through this sprig of aristocracy, Waverley, and though possessing what was well known as a matter of weight, (his seal) that he sought to get *riches*, his main object, he preserved till he was justified; a term, the last, which was the way of the reivers for settling their accounts with regard to robbing the other side of their property.

The other characters before mentioned, and many more which have not been mentioned at all, are not only well drawn and beautifully described, but they are evidently taken not only from personages who have actually existed, and were to be found amongst the manifold ramification of society, but evidently they were likenesses; and indeed if they were not, they retain the story, and stand in fine juxtaposition with each other. Thus the Presbyterian clergyman, who would be too indulgent, is very finely set against the military major, who would be too particular; and it is a beautiful piece of gratitude that the general would lay down his military commission, rather than forsake the cause of the nephew of him who had brought about his early happiness and prosperity. Well, indeed, may persons be cautious how they admit an equality to this book, of any subsequently written by the same hand.

But there is one of the adjuncts in the novel of Waverley which ought ever to be kept distinct from the rest, because a similar one, has at all times existed in the world, will at all times exist, and should for ever be kept holy in our eyes; as being a solitary good, when all others may be taken away from a poor mortal, and which receives as it gives good and blessing from and to the other party affected thereby. The motherly affection, and the poor half-demented creature Davie Gellatly is the object to which we at present allude. The affection, the tenderness, the cares, the excuses, of the mother always are drawn to the most helpless—nay, the most worthless—of her children; for not only are the helpless and defenceless the objects of her anxiety, but she turns her never dying cares on the wicked, the bad disposed, and the consequently unfortunate of her race. If the mind is feeble and the intellect irregular or mean, how will she dwell upon the occasional intelligence, upon the occurrences where the child has been clever, good, or fortunate to others! How carefully will she hide the imperfections, or keep hid excrecences of character, unless she put them forth by way of excuse. How well she magnifies the good qualities of the imbecile, and keeps down his bad ones! How will she be pleased when by any chance he has distinguished himself, and fret at any of his goings awry! And of the unhappy object how will he draw towards that maternal protection! How will he be pleased when what he has done successfully has given pleasure to her, his sustainer and defence, and how constant is his regard to whomsoever treats her kindly. There are no parts of the Waverley that are so strongly attractive to any one who will permit freely the honest workings of the heart as those of Davie Gellatly and his mother, and it is no mean part of the author's skill, that he has allowed them to be almost the characters that wind up the fable.

The story itself is one of human nature, and there are in it portions which were not only very strong as much as "sixty years since," but will be in application whilst time and mankind endure; which, like those of our Dramatic Shakspeare, being founded in nature herself, cannot be false until a line shall cease to be.

## ELIZA COOKS' POETRY.

Her truest Potrain is in her lyric compositions; and while thousands are receiving with delight, and treasuring with care, the excellent engraving which makes her at home in their dwellings, I would stimulate them to make her at home also in their minds and memories, and to read her works not only for the enjoyment of particular songs and passages, but so as to realize the intellectual and moral companionship of the writer, and understand and appreciate her character.

This is indeed, the noblest work of literature. It gives us, not only lessons of wisdom, but the friendship of the wise. No product of the mind is to be compared with the mind itself from which it flowed. The emanation is insignificant compared with its source; but it leads us towards that source. Even a solitary light guides the gaze to the sun. The perception of individual character in a work is the best good we derive from the best work. It renders an isolated gratification of taste subservient to the wildest and noblest influences on the heart and life.

This philosophising, which almost every reader practices, in a greater or less degree; though often without being aware of it until the critic comes with his explanation, is our compensation for the change introduced by the Press—the one small evil in the vast ocean of good created by that invention. A book is in itself a cold thing. To have Plato's Epilogues in print is poor work compared with gathering round the Sage in the groves of Academe, and catching

from his lips the living accents. "I sing," says the modern Bard, speaking to the eye alone, by the help of type-founders, papermakers, compositors, ink balls, folding, and stitching. Of old, the Bard struck no figurative lyre, nor chaunted with fictitious voice; but his fingers drew forth real melody to the enchanted ear, and his inspired tones went thrilling to the heart. The song and the singer were one, as they have rarely been in later times. For the charm thus lost, we must make up, as we can, in other ways. The painter's and graver's art does something; the reader's mind must do the rest. It is to stimulate the minds of readers to such an operation that these criticisms are appended to the portrait bestowed upon our subscribers.

Eliza Cook is just the writer to be at home with, and to make at home with ourselves. The spirit of home pervades her compositions. Every household object has its song; from the kitchen to the garret, and every flower of the adjoining garden, or of the field beyond. True, her imagination will sometimes soar with the lark above the clouds; or skim the ocean, in calm or storm, to bask in the golden light of oriental regions; but her heart untravelling, fondly turns to home; and like the lark, from the loftiest flight, she drops into her nest. Yes, there she is; in "the Room of the Household;" you may see her by "the Rushlight;" in the "Old Arm Chair;" the "Grandfather's Stick" is by a sacred relic; she has been gathering "Buttercups and Daisies," or "Blue Bells in the Shade," or sporting with "Old Pincher;" and the "Murray Plaid" is thrown by, with the "Old Straw Hat," and she is musing on childish times, when she swung on the "Farm Gate," or wore "Red Shoes," and played at "Tom Tiddler's Ground." People send their cards with Mr. and Mrs. Such-an-one at home on such a night; but Eliza Cook is always at home, and every where with, all who deserve it. The reader that has no relish for her Songs ought not to have a home, and has no proper conception of the meaning of the word. Her card or motto might be "Poetry at Home."

Perhaps it was one of the pieces whose subjects have just been enumerated that suggested to a critic in a splenetic mood the not very felicitous sarcasm of calling these lyrics "Dunstable stuff." And yet the application was better than its author intended. The straw hats of Dunstable are very serviceable for a long country ramble. On a warm summer's day they are pleasant and familiar things; and they wear well to the very last. If that be a sneer, what would be praise? False criticism, like the false prophet, unwittingly blesses where it meant to curse. The Poetess may sing defyingly,

And if one bay-leaf falls to me,  
I'll stick it firm and fast in thee,

My Old Straw Hat.

There are vulgar smatterers who will think such themes "shocking low."—They can reciprocate no sentiment in a less costly attire than silks and satins. They feel neither poetry nor pathos beneath the Peerage. The muse, as they suppose, only "dwells in marble halls." Every thing about her must be Eastern antique. They are in raptures with the bulbul, and scorn the skylark.—In the Cymar they make a shift to see more than in English costume. They are profoundly classical in taste, and know the Latin for three-cocked hat. Any weapon more modern than a spear is spurious in verse. In vain are such people told, but it is the fact, nevertheless, that the wellspring of all poetry is in the common human heart. It may gush forth and overflow upon the most familiar articles of cottage furniture. All the great poets of classical antiquity were homely. Virgil poetized his farm-yard; with Homer we sit down to heroic cookery and feasting, which show that fingers were made before forks. Transfer this dandyism to the East (of the world, and not of Temple-bar), and Orientalisms are no longer rich and rare. All subjects are elevated, on which Poetry alights, and leaves the radiant traces of its footsteps. A song on Irish lumpers may have higher inspiration than one on old Olympus. "The Poet," says Byron, "can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." And if it be asked, why select such topics, when there are many with dignified associations, the reply is ready. The choice is a championship of human nature, in its most frequent mode of existence. It ministers to the millions, and feeds them with Angel's food. The divine is brought to the cottage-door; and carries there, like celestial guests of old, in the Patriarch's tent. Put an Eliza Cook, by her portrait and her poems, in the homeliest abode, and you give new feelings, a new sense, to its inmates. They look around; they sing, they weep, they sympathize, and hope; and a glory unperceived before plays over all the familiar objects of their habitation. Monsieur Jourdain (in Moliere's celebrated comedy of the Bourgeois) was astonished that he had spoken prose all his life without knowing it. The millions find that they have breathed an atmosphere of poetry with like unconsciousness. The writer who works this wonder is a public benefactor. The multitude, harmonized by song, which comes home to their business and bosoms, realize the fable of Orpheus and the brutes.

The homeliest themes are not the least favourable, perhaps the most of all, to true delicacy and refinement of feeling. Miss Cook's published works may be confidently referred to, in proof of this fact; she is never mawkish, affected, or what is called sentimental. The emotion she expresses or excites, is always sound and healthy. It has a clear tone, and rings like a bell. There is a sturdy morality in it, often made tender, but never weak, by susceptibility. Happily the tendency of her compositions is not matter mere speculation. The transported convict, weeping over his tattered copy of "Our Native Song," supersedes or silences a thousand criticisms, and, is a nobler trophy than warrior ever won. After that anecdote, (vide Preface to "Melaia," ) it may be said, as Dr. Johnson said of the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," "Had Gray written often thus it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him." Gray did not often write like the Elegy; Eliza Cook always writes like "Our Native Song."

How delicious is that cluster of reminiscences which makes poetry of an accumulation of ballad titles in the lines on "Old Songs,"—

Old songs, old songs, what heaps I knew,  
From "Chevy Chase" to "Black Eyed Sue,"  
From "Flow thou regal purple stream,"  
To "Rousseau's" melancholy "Dream."  
I loved the pensive "Cabin Boy,"  
With earnest truth and real joy;  
My warmest feelings wander back,  
To greet "Tom Bowling" and "Poor Jack;"  
And, Oh! "Will Watch," the "smuggler" bold,  
My plighted troth thou'lt ever hold!  
I doated on the "Auld Scot's sonnet,"  
As though I'd worn the plaid and bonnet;  
I went abroad with "Sandy's Ghost;"  
I stood with Bannockburn's brave host,  
And proudly tossed my curly head,  
With "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

I shouted "Commin' thro the Rye,"  
With restless step and sparkling eye;  
And chased away the passing frown  
With "Bonnie ran the Burnie down."

Here was inspiration. The enjoyment was the prestige of power. Approval was the herald of production.

Old songs! old songs! ye fed, no doubt,  
The flame that since has broken out;  
For I would wander far and lone,  
And sit upon the moss-wrapt stone,  
Conning "old songs" till some strange power  
Breathed a wild magic on the hour;  
Sweeping the pulse chords of my soul,  
As winds o'er sleeping waters roll.  
'Twas done—the volume was unsealed—  
The hallowed mission was revealed.  
Old Songs called up a kindred tone;  
An echo started—'twas my own.  
Joy, pride, and riches swell'd my breast,  
The "lyre" was mine, and I was blest.

Rightly was the vocation construed; and its real worth and nobleness were justly understood.

Oh! who shall say the ballad line  
That stirs the heart is not divine?  
And where's the heart that would not dare  
To place such song beside the prayer!

I have dwelt chiefly on the songs of Eliza Cook, because they are her most characteristic compositions; and those in which she renders the most peculiar and valuable service to our popular literature. England is not, like Scotland, or Ireland, a land of song. Our poverty, in this respect, has been obvious and deplorable.

Anterior to Barry Cornwall, the prince of English songsters, the name of Dibdin is the most conspicuous. And Dibdin profaned his powers to make himself a recruiting officer for the Navy. He varnished over the foul oppressions and cruelties which at that time (the service is wonderfully improved since) made a sailor's life, to thousands, scarcely endurable, and rendered many a man-of-war "a floating hell." The cajolery of Dibdin co-operated with the violence of the press gang. If the discrepancy between the song and the ship be now much less than it was, we may thank the influence of such principles and feelings as are exhibited in the volumes before us. They have made the old sea songs come true at last. And if it have long been known that "the earth hath bubbles as the water hath;" the songs of Eliza Cooke, by the side of those of Dibdin, show that the earth also hath poetry as the water hath; nor will the land service yield to the Marine in all that constitutes the lowliness and power of song.

Poetry began her work in the world by chaunting oracles and laws, assuming to be the voice of God to man, dictating his politics and religion. And then she sang of savage wars, the shock of battle, and the slain dragged at the victor's chariot wheels. From scenes of blood she sought relief in the pastoral strain, piping to listening flocks the artless loves of shepherds. In minstrel guise, she entered baronial halls, reciting legends of the feats of feudal chiefs. Half turning from the banquet, she crowned the revellers with flowers, that wine and luxury might be restrained from excess by dainty phantasies. Her inspiring voice has ever and anon sounded the march of patriotism for the assertion of right. And now, thanks to such writers as the one whose likeness we contemplate, she sojourns in cottages and lowly homes, irradiating them by her presence, which, in its influences, makes them, though all the winds of heaven may whistle through their walls, fairer than fabled bowers, statelier than the palace, grander than the castle, and holier than the temple.

#### A TALE OF THE MASORCHA CLUB. AT BUENOS AYRES.

Tom Thorne was a bachelor, who lived in one of the best houses, had the best horses, and gave the best dinners and suppers, of any merchant in Buenos Ayres. The head of the "house," or firm, he was his own master; and this privilege he used to the uttermost. Wherever a ball was to be held in that dancing city, there be sure you find Tom; and few dinner parties, pic-nics, or country excursions, were complete without him. Little mattered it to him, whether he were invited or not—he knew everybody, and every body knew him: and his jovial good humour, his hearty laugh and frank address, won him the good graces of any party upon which the whim of the moment induced him to intrude. Tom was a restless, rattling blade, and delighted in excitement of every kind. He could no more have sat still on a chair for half an hour than he could have passed over an entire day without drinking champagne, where it was to be had, or brandy and water where it is not.

Courteous and gallant to the ladies, he was noisy and jovial with the men; and although he was well known to boast of his liberty as a bachelor, yet this, probably, only made him more of a favourite with the fair. There could be no harm in flirting and coquetting with one who openly defied their attractions. The shy and timid could be pert and playful with Tom Thorne the bachelor, without any feelings of indelicacy; while those who were less reserved, considered it fair play to entangle him in the nets of their raillery—probably not without a distant hope that the gay flutterer might yet singe his wings in making his circuit round the flame of their attractions.

It will be thought surprising how our hero, with such roving and unsteady habits, could transact business as the head of a mercantile house. But in South America, business is not conducted in the same systematic way that it is in London or Liverpool; and probably more hides or bullocks, gin or gingham, are bought and sold at the dinner or billiard table than at the desk or exchange.

For such irregular kind of trade, Tom was peculiarly adapted. His was not the character to plod at a desk over intricate speculations, nor was it necessary in a trade confined within narrow compass and certain seasons. Trade would sometimes be brisk, vessels would require to be loaded and discharged; then Tom would write night and day with desperate energy, and then, as if he had earned a holiday, he would idle away for weeks. What was the use of clerks if not to write? or, according to an old proverb, what is the use of keeping a dog, and barking yourself?

Tom Thorne, when sent out to South America, in the first instance, came under great advantages. He was the son of the head of one of the richest firms in Europe, and with an ill-judged liberality was allowed lots of pocket-money; and more consideration was paid to him than to other clerks by the managers of the house in Buenos Ayres. Thus he had both more time and money to spend than other "young men" with more limited prospects. Tom was not one to throw away these advantages; and so his horse was the swiftest, his

coat the tippest, his cigar the longest, his gloves were ever the whitest, and his bouquet the richest of all the riding, smoking, flower-giving youths of Buenos Ayres; and it may be conceived that with all "these appliances, and means to boot," he was more an adept in the ways of gallantry than scribency. In the course of time Mr. Thorne, in spite of all his failings, arrived at the dignity of representative in Buenos Ayres of the rich firm of Thorne, Flower, & Co.

Once established as his own master, Tom's natural levity of character was not long of displaying itself; pleasure was his business, and business his pastime. The lute or the piano (he was a splendid musician) occupied him more than the pen; he was more in the camp or in the streets, than in his house—and more in other people's houses than his own. And yet with all this, his business went on most swimmingly—he was an indulgent master, paid his clerks well, and fed them like princes: this they requited by paying more attention to his business than he did himself; and thus Tom, almost in spite of himself, was, as we have formerly said, one of the richest merchants in the city.

Some of our fair readers may say—This is all very well, but why does he not marry? and then he might rest happy at home, instead of being so dependent on others for enjoyment. But it was this very dependence on others for excitement and the means of enjoyment, that made Tom shirk marriage. It would have been a thralldom to him. Was it, could it be possible for him to stop all night at home, reading a book, and looking at his wife? Oh no! Could you drink brandy and water, and smoke cigars in a parlour? Oh no! Tea and toast at seven was tame work in comparison with toddy and devilled kidneys at eleven. It was very agreeable, certainly, to see ladies dressed out in smiles and silks; but he had heard or read that husbands might sometimes see them in sulks and slippers. It was more pleasant for Tom to be knight-errant to the fair in general. There could be little romance about a husband, little poetry about a wife, and very little jollity about a nursery. So thought Tom; but as we shall see,

The best laid scenes of mice and men  
Gang aft a gley.

#### CHAPTER II.

In Buenos Ayres, though a town of fully sixty thousand inhabitants, nearly everybody of any pretensions knows every other body, either by sight, by report, or nodding acquaintanceship. Society may be divided into English, French, and native, or Spanish. Among the English we comprise the British, Americans, Germans, Danes, and Swedes—in fact, all the Anglo-Saxon family, (without excluding therefrom the Irish,) as they can all speak English, and are somewhat allied in character, pursuits, and political relationship. The French and Italians, again, resemble each other more than they do the above.

The visiting and visitable part of the native community, form a most interesting and agreeable feature in Buenos-Ayres society. Thanks to civil wars, and to Rosas, the females vastly preponderate in numbers over the males. You may visit five or six families, and meet five or six ladies in each, and not a single gentleman; partly from the reasons we have given above, and partly because to ladies appear to be exclusively allotted the duties of ceremonial reception—husbands and brothers, if there be any, remaining in their studies, or back rooms, even when the sala, or reception room, is crowded with visitors or a small evening party. Oh, how pleasant and agreeable are these Senoras and Senoritas! how sweetly they help you out with a sentence when you are at a loss! how freely they suggest subjects of conversation! how good-humouredly they smile at your awkward mistakes, and make you fancy that you will soon be a perfect proficient in Spanish—as indeed you soon would be under their tuition; how soon you forget that you have never seen them before! how soon you learn to suck *matte*, and to pay compliments! and when you are about to leave, and a flower is agreeably presented to you by a smiling Senorita, with an assurance that the house and everything in it is entirely at your disposal, you bow your way out with a profusion of promises to return, with a rose at your button-hole, a smile on the face, and an elasticity of step that will last half the day. Oh, Tom Thorne! Tom Thorne! how could you resist so many dimpling smiles and sweet compliments! How could you flirt away the forenoons in the circles of beauty, look the language, breathe the gay atmosphere, reflect the glad glances, enjoy the warm enlivening glow of youthful feelings, bask in the sunshine of favour streaming upon you from the eyes of youth, innocence, and beauty, and then cool down your feelings with cigars and brandy?

But we are forgetting our subject. Among each of the great national families we have classed together, there were particular sets and circles, out of which many would seldom or never move, while some would be nearly equally familiar with all; and this mixture of different nations, tinged with a dash of republicanism, gives a tone of metropolitan urbanity and courtesy to Buenos-Ayres society, which is very agreeable. All being dependent on their own exertions, there can be little affectation of superiority; and all being occupied through the day, they are the more inclined to relax into the agreeable in the evening; and perhaps there are few places under the sun where there are more or merrier evening reunions than there were in the city of Buenos Ayres before the blasting tyranny of Rosas decimated the natives, made fathers suspicious of sons, brothers spies upon brothers, Frenchmen arm themselves for mutual protection, Englishmen almost afraid of the name, and banished wealth and security from the province.

The sala of Senora Tertulia was brilliantly lighted up and brilliantly filled with youth and beauty; the atmosphere was loaded with rich perfumes from the gay and gaudy festoons that adorned the massy chandeliers, and from the sweet little bouquets that heaved on the bosoms of the fair dancers. Knights of every order of chivalry were strutting through the room. Priests were listening to innocent confessions. Don Juans were whispering sweet compliments into willing ears. Domino's were playing at cards with Italian counts. Turks were drinking the firewaters of the Franks at side tables. Gauchoes were there rigged out in all the finery of the Pampas; and every masquerade shop in the town had been ransacked by those whose wit could not supply, or whose means could not afford new or appropriate costumes. And so there was a fair proportion of clowns, harlequins, starved apothecaries, and Highlanders with cotton drawers.

Many old gentlemen, with the long ruffles, the broad skirts, powdered wigs, and jocky looking waistcoats, of the 16th century, were seen bowing scraping, and taking snuff: in fine, every one either was or ought to be enjoying himself. The music struck up and off they went.

A quadrille had just finished. Lords were handing dames and ladies fair to their seats, which the polite old gentlemen of the 16th century vacated for them; that short interregnum was commencing in which young ladies studied attitudes and young gentlemen compliments when a scream of surprise, and a loud roar of laughter at one of the doors of entrance attracted the attention of all. There appeared to be a struggle for admission on one part and a dubious attempt at exclusion on the other.

The lady of the house hurried to the spot; a card was secretly shown to her; and the cloud of dust that hung over her brow at the sight of the strange spectacle before her was exchanged in a moment for the warm sunshine of a kindly welcome.

"Walk in, pray—walk in, Mr. Bruin," and a tall slim figure, in a strange dress, the front of which was buttoned behind, with a mask on the back of his head, and long hair streaming all over his face so as completely to conceal his features, led into the room a great white bear. The conductor carried a huge high baton, surmounted by a garland of flowers; and the neck of Bruin was attached to the baton by a chain of the same materials. The bear and his conductor soon became the centre of attraction.

"Now, Mr. Bruin, show the ladies, how you can dance, sir; and the shaggy hero stumped on his huge hind paws, shook his head and his tail, and dangled his fore flippers to the admiration of all.

"Now for a waltz Mr. Bruin."

"Bur wur hough," growled the bear, in guttural accents, very like German.

"Mr Bruin says he must have a partner," drawled the conductor from the back of his head; and Bruin, clutching the garland of flowers from the top of the pole, stumped round the circle of fair bystanders, with the view apparently of suiting his fancy.

"I presume, Mr. Bruin, you are dazzled with such a galaxy of bright star-like eyes," said a wag.

"Bur wur hur ough," growled Bruin.

"They remind him of the Aurora Borealis, in the North Seas," was the interpretation given out from the back of the head.

"I suppose you are a great traveller, bruin?" demanded another querist.

"Wur bur ough hur."

"He accompanied Sir John Ross, in his polar expeditions," was the response.

By this time every one enjoyed the humor of the conceit; and when Bruin placed the garland of flowers on the brow of Anita Mendoza, the belle of the ball room, it was not ungraciously received by the blushing beauty, and raptures of applause approved the selection.

"You show a very fair taste, Mr. Bruin," said the smiling landlady.

"We represent Beauty and the Beast in the nursery tale," was the meaning of the bur wur of the response.

"Can I offer you anything to eat or drink?" demanded the landlady.

"Mr. Bruin will trouble you for an ice, and a young sea unicorn," replied the transposed conductor.

"I hope you wont eat any of us, Mr. Bruin," said one of the ring.

"He would rather hug his partner, than worry puppies," was the ready rejoinder.

"When did you meet your great father in law, Dr. Johnson, ursa major?" asked a would-be wit.

"Mr. Bruin desires desires me to give you a pot of his grease to make your whiskers grow," said the conductor, handing an elegant little bear's grease pot out of the pouch that hung by Bruin's side.

"Give me one! give me one!" shouted a number of ladies, at the same time.

"For a hug a piece," shouted the bear in "propria persona," forgetting his disguise.

"It is Tom Thorne! 'tis Mr. Thorne!" shouted out a number of voices; and the bear was soon patted, caressed, and rifled of all the contents of his pouch, by the fair triflers, no longer afraid of a hug from a bear like Tom Thorne.

Amid the fun and merriment created by this incident, a smart explosion was heard, followed by wreaths of aromatic smoke from pastilles ignited by the explosion, caused by opening the elegant little grease pot given to the beardless youth. The proprietress of every one of Bruin's little presents how became a heroine.

Great was the curiosity displayed to know the contents, and great was the glee and satisfaction as curious little devices or bonbons, wrapped up in love verses, were extracted from the elegant little receptacles; and not till the music struck up, and Bruin led Anita Mendoza as his partner to the head of the country dance, was the usual routine of the ball-room resumed. All pretensions to etiquette had vanished; and good humor, mirth, and jollity reigned triumphant throughout the evening. Many thought Bruin's lot not only bearable, but even enviable, judging from the easy and smiling reception with which his attentions were welcomed by court lady and stately dame. The supper that followed was as merry as the dance; and our hero, divesting himself of his bearish acoutrements, was as much the source of amusement in the supper room by his jokes, as in the ball room by his tricks. Refreshing himself with copious draughts of champagne, he appeared to find no difficulty whatever in allaying hunger in the absence of young unicorns.

But the merriest night must have a close, and the clearest head will get dizzy under the influence of champagne; and Tom finding himself unusually excited, and unwilling to detract from the eclat of his previous debut, slid unperceived out of the room.

#### CHAPTER III.

About the time our story commences, 1841, Rosas was beginning that system of terrorism, espionage, confiscation and secret assassination, which has since made his government so notorious abroad and so dreaded at home. The Monto Videans were in his province of Santa Fe, in the north; and his political opponents, the Unitarians,\* were supposed to be plotting in the capital: but Rosas was not the man to stick to the common modes of war. If he could not inspire confidence among friends, he could at least inspire terror among his foes.

A club, calling themselves the friends of public security, the sons of liberty, or some such name, but called by others "Masorcheros," was established, and many enrolled themselves in this murderous body to save themselves. Rosas betook himself to the encampment he called the "sacros lugares," holy places; and thence issued secret orders to his myrmidons, to whose fury the town was completely abandoned.

\* "Unitarian," in the political dictionary of South America, is opposed to "Federal." Rosas pretends to govern on Federal principles—that is, the separate legislative independence of each province of the Confederation: but in fact he has made himself a Unitarian, since he "unites" in himself ("by extraordinary powers," given to him only for a season) but retained ever since) a supremacy over the other provinces, and over the law and constitution.

† Maza, the president of the Sala of Representatives, and a high officer in one of the courts of justice, was murdered in (or close to) the senate house; his son was murdered the same evening; and no judicial inquiries ever took place in consequence. Why? Because of course, it was done by authority.

There are few darker pages in the modern annals of South America than the records of the month of October, 1841, and April, 1842, in the devoted town of Buenos Ayres. Rosas, himself secure amid his savage soldiery, issued his secret death-roll.

The chiefs of the Masorcheros, anxious to secure their own safety, rivalled each other in their zeal to capture; and the work of death itself was intrusted to hands whose trade was blood.

Without trial for offences, without warrants for apprehension, without even a knowledge of danger, houses were openly entered, men massacred, women flogged, and property destroyed; victims were decoyed out, by friends, from theatres and ball-rooms; men were followed in the streets, and stabbed at their own doors; and concerted signals were arranged to tell the police carts, that wandered about the streets at night, where to find out the victims. We shall not give any more harassing details here.

There is no doubt that there were more massacres committed than ever were ordered by authority; the machinery of murder, once set agoing, revolved of itself, and knives were sometimes made to settle old quarrels and long accounts. Rosas, when he found things going on too far, easily put a stop to them by disposing of some of the Masorcheros themselves, among others, the chief, who was thus forever prevented from telling any tales against his master.

Such unheard-of and unexpected scenes suddenly occurring in the midst of a happy, prosperous, and orderly city, were accompanied by strange anomalies. Foreigners could scarcely conceive the existence of a regular organized body of assassins. Natives, not yet schooled into distrust of their best friends, and perhaps not even conscious of guilt, could not, all at once, throw aside their habits of social conviviality.

The churches were open for their usual services, the markets still crowded; there was no rioting in the streets, which the police paraded as usual. Ministers and consuls still displayed their flags, and balls and dinners were as numerous as ever; and those who had not seen or suffered were unwilling to believe the horrid reports that circulated in secret whispers; and many who knew, or had seen some of the fearful goings-on around them, probably deemed an affectation of ignorance or indifference their best policy.

Such was the state of the city until the frequency of outrages forced the natives to keep their houses, take refuge under the roofs of foreigners, smuggle themselves on board merchant vessels or men-of-war, or sneak through the deserted streets like doomed men shunning the contact of their fellows as if it had been a city of the plague.

It was at the beginning of this reign of terrorism, and the morning after the ball at Senora Tertulia's, that our friend Tom Thorne awoke in a room by no means so snug, airy, or odorless as his own well-appointed bed-chamber in the Calle Dercho. Close beside him, busily engaged in brushing his clothes with his hands, and alternately muttering maledictions against sanguinary Spaniards, and mumbling over odds and ends of old songs, was a strong-built ruddy-looking gentleman of about twenty-eight or thirty.

"Holla, Griffin!" cried Tom, "where the deuce is this, and how came you here?"

"Faith, Mr. Thorne, I came here for much the same reason as you did; and, though not in a very creditable place, I can than thank my stars I'm in good company any how."

"But how came we here, Griffin?"

"Faith, Thorne, except your nerves are very steady (and in virtue of Senora Tertulia's champagne, mine are not) I think it might be as well to defer that same story until you have shaved, or you may run the risk of having some of the cuts in your face which were intended for your throat last night. You see, sir, I left La Senora's about the same time you did. They say the cool air is refreshing, but I never found it so after drinking champagne. Well, as I was stumbling along, I fell over a body stretched across the pavement. 'You have taken mighty convenient quarters for a cold night,' thought I, 'bad luck to you;' and, intending to do him a good turn, as I might require it myself soon, I was trying to raise him up, when two men, who were standing in the shadow of a door-way, within a foot of me, cried, 'Hist, hist, passa adelante, amigo.' 'Come and help me with this poor devil here,' said I. 'Pass a head, friend, if you do not wish the same accommodation,' said they, throwing the light of a dark lantern suddenly, and only for a moment, on the object of my attention. I required no second bidding, Thorne. The pavement was soft and warm enough for a corpse! My first thought was for a pistol or a stick, but I had neither. I looked at the men,—there they stood as cool and careless as the door-posts, and me fixed and staring at them as if they had been Gog and Magog. 'Passa adelante,' growled out one of them, drawing a knife at the same time. This brought me to my senses, and I passed on, and, mark me, Thorne, as sober as a judge.

"Well, sir, off I started, leaving Gog and Magog to keep their watch at the door-post, when who should I overtake but yourself, walking as proud as a prince and as bold as a lion. We did not walk far till three men met us, one of whom threw the light of his dark-lantern full into your face, scanning it for a few seconds with more freedom than manners. Although dazzled and stupefied by the light, I saw you grasping your stick, and beginning to break out, when I interposed. 'Gentlemen,' said I, in my best Spanish (for it is always best to be civil). 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'we are English gentlemen who have lost our way. I'll give you fifty dollars,\* and thanks to boot, if you please to take us to the police office.' You appeared inclined to show fight at the mention of the police office, but I passed it off as if you had more money than sense, and promised them fifty from you too; so after a slight struggle we secured you, and here we are, without any solutions of continuity, as surgeons say, except in our raiment."

"But why did you not tell them to take us to my house?" said Thorne.

"Why, in the first place," said Griffin, "I have not the honour of knowing where you live; and, by Castor and Pollux! I would not have left you with those ruffians for a world of coppers."

"But then the disgrace of being lodged in the prison all night!"

"As for that," said the imperturbable Griffin, "in my opinion the prisons will soon be fuller than the hotels in this city; and wherever you and I condescend to take up our quarters becomes *de ipso facto* respectable."

"Well, well, Griffin, its no use telling you to keep it quiet, but don't tell the ladies of it at any rate."

"Don't trouble yourself, Thorne,—I won't be such a bear as that. But by the way Gog and Magog, as I'm a sinner, were standing either at or close by Mendoza's door: they could not be watching for any of them, could they?"

\* Dollars in Buenos Ayres mean small notes manufactured in London! they used to be made payable at a national bank, in metallic dollars, and then they represented a silver dollar. This bank has been abolished, thanks to the "Great Restorer of Laws" and these paper dollars now vary from 14d. to 4d. The arrival or departure of a vessel of war, with important despatches, will in one day cause a doubloon (about £1. 8s.) to be worth, say three hundred dollars, and the next day worth four hundred, much to the embarrassment of trade in metallic dollars not using current money.

"Never fear," said Thorne; "Mendoza is very thick with the Government; at all events he was not at the party, and the ladies are sure to be well conveyed."

Just as they were talking, a messenger came from the commissary of Police, to summon them to the presence of the Functionary, into whose dread presence they were immediately ushered.

The Commissary (a stout, healthy-looking man about middle age) sat smoking a cigarito, dressed in a red waistcoat, a braided jacket, and a slouching cap with a broad gilt band; from a button-hole of his jacket was the usual ren ribbon with the head of Rosas upon it, and the favourite motto which he has caused to be inscribed on the national colours, and over every proclamation, "Vivan los Federales—muera los salvajes mundos ascherosos Unitarios." He was listening attentively to the information given by a very precise, trim, well-dressed looking youth, if we might call him so, for his dress betokened youth more than his face, which at that moment appeared particularly pale. The conversation, whatever was its nature, appeared to be taken notes of by a clerk, who was sitting near them, and it dropped the moment they entered; whether it was that Thorne, who was the first to enter, had still the sound of Mendoza buzzing in his ears, or that, in the excited state of his nervous system, he was thinking of the frightful scene committed at his doors, certain it is, that on his appearance, Don Felipe Le Brun started and appeared agitated for a moment, and our friend thought he heard the name of Mendoza.

"Sorry to meet you here," exclaimed Don Felipe, suddenly recovering from his start. "Can I be of any service sir? If so, command me."

"I am sorry to meet you here, sir," said Thorne in German, so as not to be understood by the Commissary, and viewing Le Brun with a keen and inquisitive look, "I am sorry to find that you have such private business in these quarters. Pray, Senor," he continued to the magistrate, who appeared on the point of interrupting him, "do not allow me or my friend to disturb your correspondence with Don Felipe Le Brun."

"My business with you, Senor Thorne," said the magistrate, "is confined to giving you the advice, which you may find of use, to keep more orderly hours, and thus you will save the police the trouble of providing you with night quarters. I have no complaint against you—you may go."

Most men living in a community where a magistrate is not only the instrument but the interpreter of the law, and where there is no free press or public opinion to expose the injustice or temper the insolence of power, would have gladly and immediately availed themselves of the magisterial permission to withdraw, with thanks for the leniency extended to them. But Mr Thorne was neither a selfish man nor a timid; and his was not the disposition humbly to accept that as a favour which he did not conceive could be withheld from him as a right. He knew that the most arrogant and imperative of the natives were only so to those who cringed to them as they themselves cringed to their superiors. As a proud and independent man, and a good citizen, he resolved to let the proud official know of the scene witnessed by his friend the preceding night; and he had hopes, by so doing, either to confirm or allay his suspicions of the nature of Brun's communication with the *Juez de Paz*. He therefore answered with a bold front—

"I thank the Senor *Juez de Paz* for his counsel, and I beg to inform him, that the officers of the police could scarcely be better, and have been much worse employed than affording protection to those who demanded it on a night like the last."

The official started up—his eye sparkling, his face suffused with passion. Before he could speak, Mr. Thorne pursued—

"Sir, as a respectable citizen of this city, as an accredited consular agent to this government, I think it my duty to report to you, one of its chief magistrates that last night a man was found murdered on the pavement in front of Mendoza's house, and two men standing close beside him; and these men, Signor *Juez de Paz*, were dressed the same as those who brought us here last night. Probably, Signor Le Brun, this may be the same information you were conveying to his honour."

Signor Le Brun with great energy protested that it was the first he had heard of the affair.

But by this time the *juez de paz* had recovered his command of temper. He was, in fact, somewhat cowed by the manly bearing of Thorne, who, as an Englishman, and in a kind of official capacity, was, in some respects, beyond his jurisdiction. Moreover, he was aware that Thorne had, in one instance, for some petty grievance, demanded and obtained redress from the "Illustrious Restorer of Laws" in person; and thus, though he felt indignant at being bearded in his own hall—I had almost said *hell*; he rather considered Thorne as a person whose officious information was to be got rid of than as a culprit to be bullied. He therefore contented himself by saying, "Don Thomas, this is not an affair that comes under my cognisance, or yours; and let me assure you, the less your trouble yourself with the affairs of others the better."

"But, Sir, with respect to the man on the pavement," commenced Griffin.

"Officers, take the fool away!" roared the magistrate, with his hand on the bell.

But the worthy Radamanthus and his myrmidons were saved the trouble; for Tom Thorne, with a bow to the exasperated official, and a kind of dubious glance at Le Brun, hurried Griffin out of the Sale of Justice without extraneous assistance.

"By the powers of Moll Kelly and the bean stalk of Jack the giant-Killer!" said Griffin, when once they were out of sight and hearing, "but that justice cares no more about the finding of dead men in the street than I would care when I am hungry for a chop from the Brother of the Sun and Moon interdicting pork."

"Why, of course; he knew all about it before," said Thorne.

"Then, I should think, you might as well have kept the information to yourself."

"No," said Tom; "I thought there could be no harm in letting them see that there might be some suspicions of who did it, if anything out of the way did happen to old Medoza."

"If you have a twinkling of suspicion that that square shaved sinner in the corner is in your way at all, I'll let daylight shine through him in the presence of his friends before you can say hair-trigger."

"Griffin, dine with me to day, will you, and we will have a scamper in to the Camp after."

"I shall be delighted," said Griffin.

"Hasta luego, then—at three precisely," and each took a different rout.

\* Let the Federales live,—let the savage, dirty, ruthless Unitarians die!—or, Up with the Federales!—down with the Unitarians!

"He is a jolly, frank fellow that," said Thorne to himself. "I wonder what he is!"

"That's the very man I wanted," said Griffin. "Faith, I may know every body I care about now, and dine every day of the week for nothing."

Griffin was one of those genteel adventures that you find in every large community hanging on to the outskirts of society, who come from nobody knows where, and live nobody knows how; who have no profession except that of an idler, and no occupation except paying off their debts with promises; they never lose a bet; they often, very often, lose one game of billiards or ecarte, but never a rub; they can remember to carry small change in their pockets; and they never do forget an invitation to dinner. They probably answer some good purpose in society—perhaps, that of teaching flats the sweet lessons of experience, and preparing them for the wiles and stratagems of the world: this as it may, they fulfil, at least, one maxim of the world of Wisdom, for they neither toil nor spin; and they steadfastly practise the principal, that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.—[To be concluded next week.

## THE ARTS AS CONNECTED WITH THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.  
No. 1.

Before furnishing you with the essay on the above subject, as published by me in the National Intelligencer of last year, and actuated by the same motives and hopes, as induced me to reproduce my Letters on the Polite Arts in your interesting columns, I deem it useful and appropriate to preface them with a brief notice of the origin, progress, state and prospect of the Smithsonian bequest.

James Smithson, a descendant in blood from the Percies and Seymours, was the natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, and a Mrs. Macie of an ancient family of Wiltshire. Having spent most of his time on the Continent, and in scientific studies and pursuits, he departed this life at Genoa, and by will dated the 23d October, 1826, left in trust to the United States of America, the sum of \$515,169, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

The government of the United States, having by act of 1st July, 1836, accepted the high trust so created, has, after a lapse of more than eight years from the payment of the above amount into the treasury by the special agent, Mr. Rush, in September 1838, finally complied with the said trust. On the 10th of August, 1846, the Congress of the United States passed an act, entitled.

"An act to establish the Smithsonian institute, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

A board of regents, composed of fifteen of our most intelligent and distinguished citizens, was appointed by the above act. The regents have been actively and steadily engaged since the passage of the act in providing for the organization of the Institution (see report of the organization committee 1847) and the performance of their duties.

On the first day of May last, the interesting ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the Smithsonian buildings was witnessed by a large and respectable number of spectators, on the Mall in the city of Washington. On that auspicious occasion, the Vice President of the United States, as chancellor of the board of regents, delivered an eloquent address, and the proceedings were characterised by a peculiar tone of harmony and gravity well suited to the importance of the act.

The contractors to whom the building was adjudged, have commenced their operations, and already the foundation of one of the wings begin to show themselves, and it is to be hoped the portion so begun, will before another year goes by, be completed sufficiently to allow some of the provisions of the bill to be carried into effect.

As to the building itself, the "Committee of Organization" say,

"The plan of the building adopted by the board, out of thirteen different designs submitted to them by various architects, is that of Mr. James Renwick, Jun, of New York. It comprises a museum 200 feet by 50; a library 90 feet by 50; a gallery of art 125 feet long; two lecture rooms of which one is capable of containing an audience of 800 to 1000 persons; and the other is connected with the laboratory, together with several smaller rooms. The style selected is the late Norman, or rather Lombard, as it prevailed in the 12th century, chiefly in Germany, Normandy, and in Southern Europe, immediately preceding the introduction of the Gothic."

As by reference to the bill and report of the committee, your readers will be able to see all the provisions made for the execution of the philanthropic bequest, I do not feel disposed or authorised to occupy more space in your columns, having thus given a brief account of the matter from its commencement to the present time.

I flatter myself, that the high character of the regents, their secretary and librarian, will not be injured or be found wanting, by the result of their proceedings, and that the metropolis of the nation, before the expiration of five years, will be adorned by the erection of an ornamental and useful structure, in and around which shall gather, as guests at the intellectual feast provided by the generous Englishman, not only the searchers after knowledge in our own land, but numbers of strangers and scholars, from every civilized nation of the globe.

With these preliminary remarks, I proceed to the discussion of that branch of the subject which relates most particularly to the Fine Arts, and in which I feel the most particular interest.

No. 2.

The reason that induced an intelligent and learned critic to undertake a few

days back, "The History of books Ancient and Modern," actuates me to some extent in asking now and then a corner in your esteemed paper, during the recess of Congress, upon another branch of discussion, growing out of the subject. The remark of your critic is,

"The occasion of the approaching formation of that (the Smithsonian Library) to which our scholars are looking, as speedily to afford, in its skillful and ample collections, means of exact research, such as the country has never before contained, may render interesting to our readers, a brief view of the several divisions of this subject, as treated in the preceding authors, or in such others as we can draw upon through our memory."

Well and ably has he treated the subject, and I trust he will give us, again, and again, the results of his reflections and experiences.

I find that section 5 of the act establishing the Smithsonian Institution, provides for "a Gallery of Art," and in section 6th, "that all objects of art and of foreign and curious research, &c, belonging to, or hereafter to belong to the United States, which may be in the city of Washington, are to be transferred to the buildings of the institution, and placed under the care and control of the Regents."

I find, also, in the officially published proceedings of the first session of the board, that a committee has been appointed, "to digest a plan to carry out the provisions of the act to establish the Smithsonian Institute, that they are to report the same to the next meeting of the board in November."

Now as your writer on "New Books" has offered sundry and valuable hints and information in relation to the Library, allow me, with all deference and briefly, to make some reflections and suggestions, about "the Gallery of Art" provided for as above stated.

I know that the gentlemen who have been honored by the appointment on "the Board of Regency," are men well known throughout the country for their superior intelligence and acquirements. I am therefore, well aware that it may be thought somewhat presumptuous to venture upon giving them advice or information.

But a long and unflagging attention to the subject matter in question, and a zeal which will yield to that of no one in the future welfare and interests of the Smithsonian Institution, embolden me to try the experiment, and to invite their kind attention to the discussion.

I trust these letters may reach the eye of the committee and their honorable associates, and that if anything strikes them as worthy of notice or approval the suggestion may be adopted as one calculated, "to carry out the provisions of the act."

As I have already devoted much time and space to the discussion of "the Fine Arts," in their strictest sense, I deem it sufficient to confine myself now to such matters connected with "a Gallery of Arts" as have not yet been noticed by me.

It happens most luckily for the beginning of that gallery, that our government has quite a large and interesting collection of curiosities and paintings in the Patent office; and as that collection is to be transferred to the Smithsonian buildings, it will give a start to the matter, and invite and enable the regents to adopt the best plan for adding to, and improving it, in conformity with the provisions of the act.

I shall therefore endeavor to point out some practical plan for the formation of a gallery of Art, confining myself to a few words in behalf of painting and sculpture, and dwelling more at large upon the several branches of architecture and engraving.

The committee of organization was appointed on the 8th September, 1846 consisted of Mr. Owen, Mr. Hilliard, and Mr. Bache. On the 9th Mr. Choate, and Mr. Pennybacker were added, and their report was made at the next meeting of the board (Judge Pennybacker having died in the interim) on the 21st Jan. 1847.

On the subject of the gallery of art, the committee through their chairman, Mr. Owen say,

"The gallery of art, your committee think, should include both paintings and sculpture, as well as engravings and architectural designs; and it is desirable to have, in connexion with it one or more studios, in which young artists might copy without interruption, being admitted under such regulations as the board may prescribe. Your committee also think that as the collection of paintings and sculpture will probably accumulate slowly, the room destined for a gallery of art might properly and usefully meanwhile be occupied, during the sessions of Congress, as an exhibition room for the works of artists generally; and the extent and general usefulness of such an exhibition, might probably be increased if an arrangement could be effected with the Academy of Design, the Art Union, the Artist's Fund Society, and other associations of a similar character, so as to concentrate at the metropolis, for a certain portion of each winter, the best results of talent in the Fine Arts."

## LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

EDWARD II.—PART II.

"Quem deus vult perdere, primam dementat." This observation, which has long been of catholic truth, is applicable both to prince and subject; and in the case of the infatuated Edward II. and his first favorite Piers Gaveston. For the King, by his late father, by his Parliament, and by the peers of the realm, had suffered so many mortifications, on account of the favorite, that it was really surprising a partial man (and all persons having great and extravagant favorites) held out so long, and to the end of that unworthy favorite; and it is not the less astonishing that the latter, who was not a fool, but was unworthily an upstart, should not, sooner or later, take warning by the continuously expressed hatred and threat of vengeance by the nobles, but up to the last event of his

life, place reliance on his getting the better of them. Not but that he read aright the constancy of his sovereign prince's regard for him, and placed some little reliance on the royal marriage alliance he had made, on the riches he had amassed, and on the authorities which from time to time had been poured upon him. But yet, these were quarrelsome, warlike times, the nobles had been chiefly kept under by the energetic Edward I., and though they had evinced some ill humour thereat, there was no struggling loose from his power. And Gaveston could not but be aware that sooner or later they would clear themselves from the hands of so weak a monarch as had since succeeded, and who could neither perform his father's behest nor conform to his forbiddings.

Death by law in these violent times was almost unknown in the cases of distinguished persons; they were living in violent times in which it was too customary for each to be his own avenger,—strange times these for general security, and the punishment awarded to the unfortunate great was that which was ascribed to the *notoriety* (if not proof) of their crimes or misdoings. Gaveston had been the favorite of a very weak master; he had been the recipient of many extravagant favors; like too many in the world, he had grown arrogant through this, and knew not where to stop at either his powers or his expectations; but he was not arraigned upon a specific offence, nor was he proved guilty of anything unlawful; the peers, who would not have been satisfied if they had got *all* good gifts, were mortified that they got *none*, and that all fell to an upstart young man, were revengeful, not just, and they ignominiously and unlawfully put him to death,—in other words, they were his murderers, and were below his level in the scale of guilt. But this violence, and the contempt which was bestowed upon himself by all persons upon all occasions, should have made Edward II. reflect, if he were capable of reflection, on the state of his affairs, and on the ruin which would almost evidently attend a continuation of such a kind of conduct. But this infatuated and incapable king saw no such consequences; in fact, he would rather succumb to the demands of violent leaders than give himself the trouble to think, and would follow the dictates of his own wishes and humours at any moment, even though he passively and certainly would have to pay for doing so, ere long, and no matter to him whether his determination to act were right or wrong.

When Edward lost his favorite Gaveston, he was not able to find comfort or to sink his mortification in his domestic relations; for the wife he had married, though the beautiful Isabel of France, was the bride he had neglected when she arrived in England, for the sake of the unfortunate favorite. And this wife who was to have her cognomen of *beautiful* changed to that of *infamous*, was ultimately to be more than revenged upon him. But such a man cannot long be without a favorite; he needs one upon whom he can hang all his confidence, all his hopes, all his pleasures, and towards such a one he hardly knows where to stop in the gifts and beneficence which may fall in his power to bestow. He found such a person in Hugh Le Despencer, upon whom he not only showered favors in the manner he had disposed of the like to his predecessor, but towards the father of whom he was equally prodigal; towards one much advanced in years, good, virtuous, high in rank, a good soldier, politician, statesman, and disposed to be as useful in his generation as any peer of that time. But love for his son, and desire to see him distinguished, barred his better judgment; this made him the creature he became, and brought about the event which was so fatal to him, in his extreme old age; this, in the end, made him innocently die the death of a criminal, and brought about, to sacrifice to the revenge of the insulted population, a catastrophe which was undeserved on his part, and which must for ever be a blot upon the times. So much for private affections when they are carried to an inordinate degree. So much for a public man, who suffers self and selfish views to run away with what is due to a country at large, that the advancement of one member must take place of the care of the general welfare. Neither do we find that the young Le Despencer was fundamentally bad, but prosperity shuts our senses from the truth, and he was enticed, even as his predecessor, Gaveston, might have been, rather by his hopes and desires of the future, and by the frailties which are but too incident to human nature itself, than by the badness of his own nature.

Such was the feeling of the barons towards the weak king, that the moment any one was known to be at all in the good graces of the latter, a sufficient motive was ascertained for making the supposed minion a public enemy, and such was the case in the present instance, for Edward, who now gave prudently, but always extravagantly, had no sooner held out the hand of liberality, to the younger Le Despencer, or Spencer, as the favorite was called, than all the peers were in arms, and clamorous for the destruction of the favorite family, their honour, position, and general services, notwithstanding.

Meanwhile, it came around to the King to witness the total destruction of his great father's hopes and wishes; he had longed, and he expected to join the Scottish crown to his own, and his dying requisitions were on that ground; but his son was to be sadly beaten at Bannockburn, and the Bruces were finally to become independent kings of Scotland. It is true that the hostility to Scotland was itself a foul one, but this Edward neither did nor could see the force of, and he would assuredly have carried out his father's wishes, could this have been done without much personal trouble—for cowardice was not one of his many faults. But the king's withholding, like his giving, were without consideration, and his laps and his donations were equally consequent of no consideration. The latter, however, as they nearly went all one way, roused the enmity of the lords, who rose, as it were, in a body against the Spencers, and the latter had hardly a man who supported either their cause or their master's. They were attainted in the House of Peers, and though absent at the time, they were pronounced guilty, banished for ever, and their whole wealth and property was forfeited. Their kind but weak master con-

sented to this, but he had immediately an opportunity of revenging it, and putting it to rights; for the Queen, who was travelling at that time in Kent, was refused admittance by a lord into Leeds Castle on her journey. Edward was not, as usually, slow to resent this indignity, which was not indeed countenanced by the lords generally. He therefore speedily put down the Lord Badlesmere, who had offered the insult, and in the meantime, whilst he had the best of the armament, he put to rights the injury done to his friends, the Spencers, and he took revenge (a poor one) by putting the Lord of Lancaster to death in nearly the same way and on the same deficiency of pretext that the brother of Lord Lancaster had put to death Gaveston in former days.

The attainer of the Spencers was now reversed, their property was restored, and they now were more powerful than ever; this continual change of position, it was, we suppose, that made the king's dependents so insolent, as they were in times of prosperity, and so confident in adversity that *things would yet come around again*; hence the younger Spencer grew daily more arrogant and rapacious, but malice itself can assign nothing against the venerable elder Spencer, unless it be a besotted love towards his son, and somewhat of a leaning towards his power and authority.

But the day of Divine Vengeance was approaching, and this very junior Spencer was to be an instrument in bringing it to pass. The Queen had hitherto had no worse a character than that of an insulted, neglected wife, of a monarch who was so intent on heaping his favors on unworthy objects, that he had time nor cares upon the common courtesies of his position as a king and a husband, and at length she could bear her situation no longer. She had become the mother of one who was to be a future hero, who was now 13 years of age, and she herself had become a high spirited woman of nearly 30 years of age. The present king of France was not the same who reigned at the time she was married to Edward, but, having since come to the throne, demanded that homage from the English monarch which was usually paid, in feudal ages, for the dominions held under a Suzerain. Isabel proposed to go to France to settle the dispute on this occasion; her real cause was to get away from England, where she was very unhappy, and we do not think that the eventful plot and calamity was then all foreseen. But true, she met with Mortimer, the man with whom she finally became notoriously criminal and infamous, and with whom was wrought the future mischief and sorrow. It was found necessary that the holder of the feudal dominions should *personally* do the homage, and as to Spencer who durst neither let his weak sovereign go abroad without him, nor himself stay at home without protection, it was resolved that the young prince of Wales should have Guienne turned over to him, and that he should go over to France and go through the solemnity to the Suzeraine.

It is probable that the first view of Isabella was only to get away from Edward, without any intention of returning; but here she met with many who were exasperated at Edward, and here she had become most morally guilty herself. Therefore, having the young prince in possession, there was some appearance of opposition to the king upon political and some justifiable grounds, and now also Isabella and Mortimer became more criminal and daily bolder. They returned; they had as accessories two others to their party, being two brothers of the king; their first business was to pull down forever the greatness of the Spencers, upon whom death was executed, with every addition that rancour, malice, revenge, and breach of law could furnish; and then, equally as lawlessly, they concluded that Edward was unequal to his royal position, and that he had caused a vacancy in the throne, consequently that he was no longer a kingly personage, but became a subject of his child son, whom the rebellious set up as Edward III. Now royalty and royal position were held high in those times, and any deviation from the sacred character of kings was very solemnly considered before anything of importance was concluded; therefore this intelligence was startling in every one's notion, and the only way devised of putting an end to this tragedy, was the subjecting the poor Edward to mortifications that might break his heart. But although he had submitted with apparent cheerfulness to the doom of abasement from kingly authority, he was not able to put up with the humiliation to which he became constantly subjected.

He had not long, however, to dwell upon the insults to which he was constantly exposed, for in a few months time from that of his deposition, the tyrants who had charge of him were tired of the length of time it apparently required to break his heart, and they resolved to put an end to his mortal existence, which they did in a manner that makes the soul recoil to think upon.

Without dwelling upon the general usage of him (who had never yet been proved worse than a weak man) and which would madden the thoughts to detail, suffice it that at length they procured a pipe, which was run into the interior of Edward's body, up which also they inserted a red-hot instrument of iron, by which means he was put to a painful death, without the cause being at once perceptible, but from which cause his screams were heard in the night from Berkeley Castle (his prison). This, at length, was the death of the poor weak headed but not guilty Edward, who, though a bad king, might perhaps have proved not a bad man, only circumstances prove that his happiest fate would have been one in which the least would have been left in his power. But the infamous Isabella was the Althea's brand of her country, as the next consideration will shew, and which we shall in due time take up, together with the fate of her and her paramour.

*A Critical Complaint.*—One of the daily critics, in speaking of Made-moiselle Caroline, the female equestrian at Vauxhall, declares that she appeared to be a part of the horse, and the scribe intimates that he could not distinguish the fair rider from the animal. This is indeed holding her up as "the very Centaur of attraction."

### "THINE IS THE KINGDOM.

The Kingdom, Lord to Thee belongs,  
The Kingdom of thy saints below;  
To Thee are raised their sweetest songs,  
To Thee their incense—praises flow:  
At morn, at eve, on bended knee,  
Their gratitude ascends to Thee!

The Church thy kingdom is, oh God!

And we, with upward—lifted eyes,  
We, her own members, seek the road  
That leads directly to the skies  
For Thou hast promised us above,  
A new Jerusalem of love!

The Church thy Kingdom is on earth;

We here enjoy its precious right—  
And bless'd with an immortal birth,  
Our souls drink in immortal light!  
We here, with joyful hearts and hands,  
Receive, and do thy just commands.

Oh, gracious Saviour! grant that we,  
Now numbered with thy people here—  
Thy glorious second-reign may see;

And all redeemed, in Heaven, appear!  
There will thy saints in glory shine:  
There the whole Kingdom will be thine!

June 20. 1847.

C. S.

### MADAGASCAR AS IT IS.

From the London Examiner.

It is from the character and policy of the first-named Queen, a woman Nero, that Madagascar takes interest at present. Her lusts and cruelty are incredible, and she has turned them to the most atrocious purposes. If an opposition rises to her government, it is "speared" to death; if a village or district offends her, it is depopulated. She counts her victims by hundreds and thousands. A recent instance is very frightful.

The sufferers were an inoffensive and unwarlike agricultural tribe, who had supported and assisted the government with uniform fidelity. But the latter, smarting under defeat from a stronger and warlike tribe, turned savagely against its friendly allies on a trumped up charge "of cowardice and treason for not coming to the help of the Queen's troops." All were massacred, even women and children. The tale is told by one of the natives who escaped:

"We were all ordered to be slaughtered in a general massacre, beginning with the women and children. I was sitting on the ground by the side of my brother.

The soldiers came and cut down and pierced the victims with swords and spears. I saw eighty-nine women slaughtered, and a great number of men: I cannot tell how many. At length it came to our turn. I and my brother stood up, when he being killed with a sword fell dead on the ground, knocking me down in his fall. I lay a few seconds, when a Hova officer pulled me up by the arm to be killed; but, looking at me, said, 'This is a good-looking youngster, I will take him for my slave and pay his redemption money.' Thus, I alone was saved from death, and went home to the officer's premises.

"I took an early opportunity of running away, having the fear of death continually before me; and, reaching a near port, I contrived to get on board of a ship and escape. After the horrible massacre was completed, the heads of the victims were all cut off and put into canoes, the men's heads being below, and the women's and children's above. They completely filled seven large canoes! They were sent coastwise, north and south, to be stuck on poles along the shore.

The line of human heads extends as far as from Port Louis to Pamplemousses, about seven miles. They are now bleached by the sun and rain, and present to the ships which approach the coast of Angontsy the appearance of lumps of chalk or lime, glistening in the rays of the sun as far as the eye can reach!"

The scene is that of "Paul and Virginia!"

Beside these practices, Ranavalona has revived infanticide, ordeal by poison, and other villainous Malagasy tortures. Our extracts will illustrate them:

#### INFANTICIDE.

"Thus a common *modus operandi* for the attainment of this end, is that of exposing the unconscious babe in a narrow passage, through which a herd of cattle is furiously driven, and by the feet of which it is scarcely possible to avoid being mangled and tortured by a gradual death!—at other times it is suspended by the heels, whilst its face is held downwards in a pan of water, until suffocation ensues!—or, still more horrible to relate, it is sometimes buried alive, with the head downwards, in a pit especially dug for the occasion. And this atrocious murder is, in regular order, commanded under the Queen's authority, to be perpetrated by the "father or nearest relative of the infant!"

#### PUNISHMENT OF WOMEN.

"One of the King Radama's sisters being ill, her four female attendants were subjected to trial by ordeal, for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent the poor helpless wretches in question had been accessory to her sickness.

The Tadgena ordeal discovered three out of the four to have been instrumental thereto, and they were adjudged, as a matter of course, to instant death! The supposed criminals were then taken to a rock on the south side of the capital, and having their fingers, toes, arms, legs, noses, and ears cut off, were precipitated from the rock, the children from the surrounding crowd amusing themselves, for nearly an hour after, with throwing stones upon their mangled bodies.

The historian goes on to state, that not one anxious or sympathising countenance was to be seen amongst the spectators, many of whom were females. Amongst the dramatis personæ who were exerting themselves in this praiseworthy pursuit of converting the dying victims into a target (as above stated), two younger brothers of the king were prominent characters."

#### ORDEAL BY POISON.

"The unfortunate victim of a malicious and unproved accusation is suddenly seized on by ruffians, employed for this purpose by the government, and, after being invited to gorge as much rice as may be expected to shield the coats of the stomach from the poison to which it is about to be subjected, he is compelled to swallow three pieces of the skin of a chick-rolled up in the form of pills, and immediately thereupon a dose also of the poisonous kernel of the

tangena (palm-tree) fruit, mixed up with the juice of the banana tree. A curse is then invoked upon his head by the 'head-curer,' or administrator, in the event of his guilt, and a verdict of acquittal should the ordeal proclaim him innocent. He is next obliged to drink warm water, sufficient to provoke vomiting; and upon the ejection of the contents of the stomach a verdict of innocence is announced, should the three pieces of skin previously swallowed be found amongst them! But should they not be discovered, the victim of this double death is strangled upon the spot, unless, as often occurs, he falls a victim to the virulence of the poison."

All which might no more concern us, that any other individual or national atrocity which takes its place among earth's mysteries of sin—but that we, by our Mauritius, and the French, by their Isle of Bourbon, happen to have a distinct commercial interest in Madagascar, which this royal tigress seeks to cripple and destroy. She has sense enough to see that commerce, civilization, and Christianity are inseparably connected; and that effectively to prohibit the last, she must suppress the first. Traders, both French and English, have been accordingly subjected to the grossest wrongs and indignities; and the interruption of trade has induced the utmost scarcity and distress among our colonists. The chief supplies of provision in the Mauritius have been hitherto derived from Madagascar.

In these circumstances, the author of the book before us recommends interference on the part of England, not with a view to conquest (which he says is already in the contemplation of the French government, a statement we take leave to doubt), but to the dethronement of Ranavalona, the restoration of the legitimate heir of Radama, and the re-establishment of trade and communication.

The book, as we have said, though poorly written, and compiled in a scrambling loose way, contains facts and suggestions of considerable interest, and worthy of attention at the present time."

### MEMOIR OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

At the moment when Hans Christian Andersen is in this country, we believe that we cannot present to our readers a more acceptable gift than a memoir of this extraordinary man. Whether regarded as the human being asserting in his own person the true nobility of mind and moral worth, or the man of genius whose works alone have raised him from the lowest poverty and obscurity, to be an honoured guest with kings and queens, Hans Christian Andersen is one of the most remarkable and interesting men of his day.

Like most men of great original talent, he is emphatically one of the people; and writing as he has done, principally of popular life, he describes what he himself has suffered and seen. Poverty or hardship, however, never soured his mind; on the contrary, whatever he has written is singularly genial, and abounds with the most kindly and universal sympathy. Human life, with all its trials, privations, and its tears, is to him a holy thing; he lays bare the heart, not to bring forth hidden and revolting passions or crimes, but to show how lovely it is in its simplicity and truth; how touching in its weaknesses and its short comings; how much it is to be loved and pitied, and striven with. In short, this great writer, with all the ardour of a strong poetical nature, and with great power in delineating passion, is eminently Christian in spirit.

It is a great pleasure to me that I have been the means of making the principal works of Hans Christian Andersen known, through my translations, to the British public; they have been well received by them, and I now hasten to give our readers a slight memoir of their author, drawn from the True Story of his own Life, sent by him to me, for translation, and which is just now published by the Messrs. Longman.

The father of Hans Christian Andersen was a shoemaker of Odense. When scarcely twenty, he married a young girl about as poor as himself. The poverty of this couple may be imagined from the circumstance that the house afforded no better bedstead than a wooden frame, made to support the coffin of some count in the neighbourhood, whose body lay in state before his interment. This frame, covered with black cloth, and which the young shoemaker purchased at a very low price, served as the family bedstead many years. Upon this humble bed was born, on the second of April, 1805, Hans Christian Andersen.

The father of Andersen was not without education; his mother was the kindest of human beings; they lived on the best terms with each other, but still the husband was not happy. He read comedies and the Arabian Tales, and made a puppet theatre for his little son, and often on Sundays took him out with him into the woods round Odense, where the solitude was congenial to his mind.

Andersen's grandmother had also great influence over him, and to her he was greatly attached. She was employed in taking care of a garden belonging to a lunatic asylum, and here he spent most of the summer afternoons of his early childhood.

Among his earliest recollections is the residence of the Spaniards in Funen, in the years 1808 and 1809. A soldier of an Austrian regiment took him one day in his arms, danced with him amid tears of joy, which no doubt were called forth by the remembrance of a child he had left at home, and pressed the Madonna to his lips, which occasioned great trouble to his pious mother, who was a Lutheran.

In Odense at that time many old festivities were still in use, which made a deep impression upon the boy, and were as so much material laid up in his richly poetical mind for after use, as all who are familiar with his works must be well aware. His father, among other works, industriously read in his Bible.—One day he closed it with these words: "Christ became a man like unto us, but a very uncommon man!" at which his wife burst into tears, greatly distressed and shocked at what she called "blasphemy." This made a deep impression on the boy, and he prayed in secret for the soul of his father. Another day his father said, "There is no other devil but what a man bears in his own breast." After which, finding his arm scratched one morning when he awoke, his wife said it was a punishment of the devil, to teach him his real existence.

The unhappy temper of the father increased from day to day; he longed to go forth into the world. At that time war was raging in Germany. Napoleon was his hero, and as Denmark had now allied itself to France, he enlisted as a private soldier in a recruiting regiment, hoping that some time or other he might return as lieutenant. The neighbours, however, thought it was a folly to let himself be shot for no other purpose at all. The corps in which he served went no farther than Holstein; the peace succeeded, and the poor shoemaker returned to his trade, only chagrined to have seen no service, his health had suffered; he awoke one morning delirious, and talked about campaigns and Napoleon. Young Andersen, then nine years old, was sent to the next village to ask counsel from a wise woman.

"Will my poor father die?" inquired he, anxiously.

"If thy father will die," replied she, "thou wilt meet his ghost on thy way home."

Terrified almost out of his senses lest he should meet the ghost, he set out on his homeward way, and reached his own door without any such apparition presenting itself; but, for all that, his father died on the third day.

From this time, young Andersen was left to himself. The whole instruction that he ever received was in a charity school, and consisted of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but of the two last, he knew scarcely anything.

About this time he was engaged by the widow of a clergyman in Odense, to read aloud to herself and her sister-in-law. She was the widow of a clergyman who had written poems. In this house Andersen first heard the appellation of poet; and saw with what love the poetical talent of the deceased pastor was regarded. This sunk deeply into his mind; he read tragedies, and resolved to become a poet, as this good man had been before him.

He wrote a tragedy, therefore, which the two ladies praised highly; it was handed about in manuscript, and people laughed at it, and ridiculed him as the "play-writer." This wounded him so deeply that he passed one whole night weeping, and was only pacified, or, rather, silenced, by his mother threatening to give him a good beating for his folly. Spite, however, of his ill-success, he wrote again and again, studying among other devices, German and French words, to give dignity to his dialogue. Again the whole town read his productions, and the boys shouted after him as he went, "Look! look! there goes the play-writer!"

One day he took to his schoolmaster, as a birthday present, a garland with which he had twisted up a little poem. The schoolmaster was angry with him; he saw nothing but folly and false quantities in the verses, and thus the poor lad had nothing but troubles and tears.

The worldly affairs of the mother grew worse and worse, and as boys of his age earned money in a manufactory near, it was resolved that there also Hans Christian should be sent. His old grandmother took him to the manufactory, and shed bitter tears because the lot of the boy was so early toil and sorrow. The workmen in the factory were principally German, and discovering that Andersen had a fine voice, and knew many popular songs, they made him sing to them while the other boys did his work. He knew himself that he had a good voice, because the neighbours always listened when he sang at home, and once a whole party of rich people had stopped to hear him, and had praised his beautiful voice. Everybody in the manufactory heard him with equal delight.

"I can act comedy as well!" said the poor boy one day, encouraged by their applause, and began to recite whole scenes from the comedies which his father had been in the habit of reading. The workmen were delighted, and the other boys were made to do his tasks while he amused them all. This smooth life of comedy, acting and singing, lasted but for a short time, and he returned home.

"The boy must go and act at the theatre!" many of the neighbours said to his mother; but as she knew of no other theatre than that of the strolling players, she shook her head, and resolved rather to put her son apprentice to a tailor.

He was now twelve, and had nothing to do; he devoured, therefore, the contents of every book which came in his way. His favourite reading was an old prose translation of Shakspeare. From this, with little figures which he made of pasteboard, he performed the whole of King Lear, and the Merchant of Venice.

Andersen's passion for reading, and his beautiful voice, had in the meantime drawn upon him the attention of several of the higher families of the city, who introduced him to their houses. His simple, child-like behaviour, his wonderful memory, and his sweet voice, gave to him a peculiar charm; people talked of him, and he soon had many friends; among others, a Colonel Guldberg, brother to the well-known poet of that name, and who afterwards introduced him to Prince Christian of Denmark.

About this time his mother married a second time, and as the step-father would not spend a penny, or do anything for her son's education, he had still more leisure. He had no playfellows, and often wandered by himself to the neighbouring forest, or seated himself at home, in a corner of the house, and dressed up little dolls for his theatre, his mother in the meantime thinking that, as he was destined for a tailor, this was all good practice.

At length the time came when he was to be confirmed. On this occasion he had his first pair of boots; he was very vain of them, and that all the world might see them, he pulled them up over his trousers. An old sempstress was employed to make him a confirmation-suit out of his deceased father's great coat. Never before had he been possessed of such excellent clothes; the very thoughts of them disturbed his devotions on the day of consecration.

It had been determined that Andersen was to be apprenticed to a tailor after his confirmation, but he earnestly besought his mother to give up this idea, and consent to his going to Copenhagen, that he might get employment at the theatre there.

He read to her the lives of celebrated men who had been quite as poor as himself, and assured her that he also would one day be a celebrated man. For several years he had been hoarding up his money; he had now about thirty shillings English, which seemed to him an inexhaustible sum. As soon as his mother heard of this fund, her heart inclined towards his wishes, and she promised to consent on condition that they should consult a wise woman, and that his going or staying should be decided by her augury. The Sibyl was fetched to the house, and after she had read the cards, and studied the coffee-grounds, she pronounced these words:

"Your son will become a great man. The city of Odense will one day be illuminated in his honour."

A prophecy like this removed all doubts.

"Go in God's name!" said his mother, and he lost no time in preparing for his great journey.

Some one had mentioned to him a certain female dancer at the Royal Theatre as a person of great influence: he obtained, therefore, from a gentleman universally esteemed in Odense a letter of introduction to this lady; and with this, and his thirteen rix-dollars, he commenced the journey on which depended his whole fate.

His mother accompanied him to the city gate, and there his good old grandmother met him; she kissed him with many tears, blessed him, and he never saw her more.

It was not until he had crossed the Great Belt that he felt how forlorn he was in the world; he stepped aside from the road, fell on his knees, and besought God to be his friend. He rose up comforted, and walked on through towns and villages, until on Monday morning, the 5th September, 1819, he saw the towers of Copenhagen; and with his little bundle under his arm, he entered that great city.

On the day after his arrival, dressed in his confirmation-suit, he betook himself, with his letter of introduction in his hand, to the house of the all-potential dancer. The lady allowed him to wait a long time on the steps of her house, and when at length he entered, his awkward, simple behaviour and appearance displeased her; she fancied him insane, more particularly as the gentleman from whom he brought the letter was unknown to her.

He next went to the director of the theatre, requesting some appointment.

"You are too thin for the theatre," was the answer he obtained.

"Oh!" replied poor Andersen, "only ensure me one hundred rix-dollars, and I will soon get fat!"

But the director would make no agreement of this kind, and then informed him that they engaged none at the theatre but people of education. This settled the question; he had nothing to say on his own behalf, and, dejected in spirit went out into the street. He knew no human creature; he thought of death, and this thought turned his mind to God.

"When everything goes adversely," said he, "then God will help me; it is written so in every book that I ever read, and in God I will put my trust!"

Days and weeks went on, bringing with them nothing but disappointment and despair; his money was all gone, and for some time he worked with a joiner. At length, as, with a heavy heart, he was walking one day along the crowded streets of the city, it occurred to him that as yet nobody had heard his fine voice. Full of this thought, he hastened at once to the house of Professor Siboni, where a large party happened to be at dinner, and among the guests Baggesen, the poet, and the celebrated composer, Professor Weyse. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a female servant, and to her he related quite open-heartedly, how forlorn and friendless he was, and how great a desire he had to be engaged at the theatre; the young woman went in and related this to the company. All were interested in the little adventurer; he was ordered in, and desired to sing, and to give some scenes from Holberg. One of these scenes bore a resemblance to his own melancholy circumstances, and he burst into tears. The company applauded him.

"I prophecy," said Baggesen, "that thou wilt turn out something remarkable; only don't become vain when the public admires thee."

Professor Siboni promised immediately that he would cultivate Andersen's voice, and that he should make his debut at the Theatre Royal. He had a good friend too in Professor Weyse, and a year and a half were spent in elementary instruction. But a new misfortune now befell him; he lost his beautiful voice, and Siboni counselled him to put himself to some handicraft trade. He once more seemed abandoned to a hopeless fate. Casting about in his mind who might possibly befriend him, he bethought himself of the poet Guldberg, whose brother the colonel had been so kind to him in Odense. To him he went, and in him he happily found a friend; although poverty still pursued him, and his sufferings, which no one knew, almost overcame him.

He wrote a rhymed tragedy, which obtained some little praise from Oehlenschläger and Ingemann—but no debut was permitted him on the theatre. He wrote a second and third, but the theatre would not accept them. These youthful efforts fell, however into the hand of a powerful and good man, Conference Counsellor Collin, who, perceiving the genius that slumbered in the young poet, went immediately to the king, and obtained permission from him that he should be sent, at Government charges, to one of the learned schools in the provinces, in which, however, he suffered immensely, till his heart was almost broken by unkindness. From this school he went to college, and became very soon favourably known to the public by true poetical works. Ingemann, Oehlenschläger, and others then obtained for him a royal stipend, to enable him to travel; and he visited Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Italy, and the poetical character of life in that beautiful country, inspired him; and he wrote the "Improvisatore," one of the most exquisite works, whether for truthful delineation of character, or pure and noble sentiment, that ever was penned.

This work most harmoniously combines the warm colouring and intensity of Italian life with the freshest and strong simplicity of the north. His romance of "O. T." followed; this is a true picture of the secluded, sober life of the north, and is a great favourite there. His third work, "Only a Fiddler," is remarkable for its strongly drawn personal and natural characteristics, founded upon his own experience in early life. Perhaps there never was a more affecting picture of the hopeless attempts of a genius of second-rate order to combat against and rise above poverty and adverse circumstances, than is given in the life of poor Christian, who dies at last "only a fiddler."

In all these works Andersen has drawn from his own experience, and in this lies their extraordinary power. There is a child-like tenderness and simplicity in his writings; a sympathy with the poor and the struggling, and an elevation and purity of tone, which have something absolutely holy about them; it is the inspiration of true genius, combined with great experience of life, and a spirit baptized with the tenderness of Christianity. This is it which is the secret of the extreme charm of his celebrated stories for children. They are as simple and as touching as the old Bible narratives of Joseph and his brethren, and the little lad who died in the corn field. We wonder not at their being the most popular books of their kind in Europe.

It has been my happiness, as I said before, to translate his three principal works, his Picture Book without Pictures, and several of his stories for children. They have been likewise translated into German, and some of them into Dutch, and even Russian. He speaks nobly of this circumstance in his life. "My works," says he, "seem to come forth under a lucky star, they fly over all lands. There is something elevating, but at the same time something terrific, in seeing one's thoughts spread so far, among so many people; it is indeed almost a fearful thing to belong to so many. The noble and good in us becomes a blessing, but the bad, one's errors shoot forth also; and involuntarily the prayer forces itself from us—God! let me never write down a word of which I shall not be able to give an account to thee!" A peculiar feeling, a mixture of joy and anxiety, fills my heart every time my good genius conveys my fictions to a foreign people."

Of Andersen's present life we need only say that he spends a great deal of his time in travelling; he goes from land to land, and from court to court, everywhere an honoured guest, and enjoying the glorious reward of a manly struggle against adversity, and the triumph of a lofty and pure genius in seeing its claims generously acknowledged.

Let us now see the son of the poor shoemaker of Odense—the friendless, ill-clad, almost heart-broken boy of Copenhagen—on one of those occasions, which would make an era in the life of any other literary man, but which are of every day occurrence in his. I will quote from his own words.

"I received a letter from the minister, Count Rantzau Bretenburg, containing an invitation from their majesties of Denmark to join them at the watering-place of Fohr; this island lies in the North Sea, on the coast of Slewick. It was just now five-and-twenty years since I, a poor lad, travelled alone and

helpless to Copenhagen. Exactly the five-and-twentieth anniversary would be celebrated by my being with my king and queen. Everything which surrounded me, man and nature, reflected themselves imperishably in my soul; I felt myself, as it were, conducted to a point from which I could look forth more distinctly over the past, with all the good fortune and happiness which it had evolved for me.

"Wyck, the largest town of Fohr, in which are the baths, is built like a Dutch town, with houses one story high, sloping roofs, and gables turned to the street.

The number of strangers there, and the presence of the Court, gave a peculiar animation to it. The Danish flag was seen waving, and music was heard on all hands.

I was soon established in my quarters, and was invited every day to dine with their majesties as well as to pass the evening in their circle. On several evenings I read aloud my little stories to them, and nothing could be more gracious and kind than they were. It is so well when a noble human nature will reveal itself, where otherwise only the king's crown and the purple mantle might be discovered.

"I sailed in the train of their majesties, to the largest of the Halligs, those grassy ruins in the ocean, which bear testimony to a sunken country. The violence of the sea has changed the mainland into islands, has again given these, and buried men and villages. Year after year are new portions rent away, and in half a century's time there will be nothing left but sea. The Halligs are now low islets, covered with a dark turf, on which a few flocks graze. When the sea rises, these are driven to the garrets for refuge, and the waves roll over this little region, which lies miles distant from any shore. Oland which we visited, contains a little town: the houses stand closely side by side, as if in their sore need they had huddled together; they are all erected on a platform, and have little windows like the cabin of a ship. There, solitary through half the year, sit the wives and daughters spinning. Yet I found books in all the houses; the people read and work, and the sea rises round the houses, which lie like a wreck on the ocean. The churchyard is half washed away; coffins and corpses are frequently exposed to view. It is an appalling sight, and yet the inhabitants of the Halligs are attached to their little home, and frequently die of home sickness when removed from it.

"We found only one man upon the island, and he had only lately arisen from a sick bed; the others were out on long voyages. We were received by women and girls; they had erected before the church a triumphal arch with flowers, which they had fetched from Fohr, but it was so small and low, that one was obliged to go round it; nevertheless it showed their good will. The Queen was deeply affected by their having cut down their only shrub, a rose-bush, to lay over a marshy place which she had to cross.

"On our return, dinner was served on board the royal steamer, and afterwards, as we sailed in a glorious sunset through this archipelago, the deck of the vessel was changed to a dancing hall; servants flew hither and thither with refreshments; sailors stood upon the paddle-boxes and took soundings, and their deep tones might be heard giving the depth of the water. The moon rose round and large, and the promontory of Amrom assumed the appearance of a snow-covered chain of Alps."

The next day he visited the wild regions about the promontory, but our space will not admit of our giving any portions of wild and grand sea-landscape which he here described. In the evening he returned to the royal dinner-table. It was on the above-mentioned five-and-twentieth anniversary, on the 5th of September; he says,

"The whole of my former life passed in review before my mind. I was obliged to summon all my strength to prevent myself bursting into tears. There are moments of gratitude, in which we feel, as it were a desire to press God to our hearts! How deeply I felt at this time my own nothingness, and how all, all had come from him! After dinner the king, to whom Rantzau had told how interesting the day was to me, wished me happiness, and that most kindly. He wished me happiness in that which I had endured and won. He asked me about my early struggling life, and I related to him some traits of it.

"In the course of conversation he asked of my annual income. I told him.

"That is not much," said he.

"But I do not need much," I replied; "my writings furnish something."

"If I can in any way be serviceable to you, come to me," said the king in conclusion.

"In the evening, during the concert, some of my friends reproached me for not making use of my opportunity.

"The king," said they, "put the words into your mouth."

"I could not have done more," said I; "if the king thought I required an addition to my income, he would give it of his own free will."

"And I was right; in the following year the king increased my annual stipend, so that with this and my writings I can live honourably and free from care."

"The 5th of September was to me a festival day. Even the German visitors at the baths honoured me by drinking my health in the pump-room."

"So many flattering circumstances, some people argue, may spoil a man and make him vain. But no, they do not spoil him, they make him, on the contrary, better; they purify his mind, and he thereby feels an impulse, a wish to deserve all that he enjoys."

Such are truly the feelings of a pure and noble nature. Andersen has stood the test through every trial of poverty and adversity; the harder trial, that of a sun-bright prosperity, is now proving him, and so far, thank God, the sterling nature of the man has remained unspoiled.

### THE DOG OF ALCIBIADES.—LIFE IN PARIS.

In Plutarch's Life of Alcibiades the following passage occurs:—

"Alcibiades had a dog of an uncommon size and beauty, which cost him seventy minæ, and yet his tail, which was his principal ornament, he caused to be cut off. Some of his acquaintance found great fault with his acting so strangely, and told him that all Athens rang with the story of his foolish treatment of the dog. At which he laughed, and said, 'This is the very thing I wanted; for I would have the Athenians talk of this, lest they should find something worse to say of me.'

This anecdote, more popularly known in France than in England, has there been the origin of a proverbial metaphor. When a minor vice, folly, or eccentricity is assumed as a cloak for a greater one, with a view to throw dust in the eyes of an inquisitive public, and to veil from its curiosity real motives, intentions, and inclinations, the pretext paraded is called the Dog of Alcibiades.

The true applications of the term may be better illustrated than exactly defined, and the former course has been adopted in a French book of no distant date, entitled "Le Chien d'Alcibiade." A single volume, the only one its author has produced—its wit, elegance of style, and general good taste would do credit to the most experienced novelist; whilst the warm reception it met from the Parisian public, ought, one would imagine, to have encouraged a repetition of the attempt. On its title-page was found the assumed name of Major Fridolin, the same under which a noted Parisian turfite enters his horses for the races at Chantilly and the Camp de Mars. The gentleman-rider (vide the Anglo-Gallic vocabulary patronized by the Paris "jockey-club") who owns the fantastical pseudonym, is more esteemed for wealth than wit, better known as a judge of horse-flesh than as a cultivator of literature, and generally held more likely to achieve renown by the strength of his racers' legs than of his own head. So that when an ably-written novel appeared under his "nom-de-guerre," people asked one another if he were possibly its author, and had previously kept his candle under a bushel, only to dazzle the more when the shade was withdrawn. There could be no doubt that the book was from the pen of a man of talent and refinement, accustomed to good society, and seizing with peculiar felicity its phases and foibles. The characters were so true to life, that it was impossible for those moving in the circles portrayed to avoid recognising the originals, not as individuals but as types of classes. The gay world of Paris was painted with a sharp and delicate pencil, without exaggeration or grotesque colouring. Some similarity might be traced to the manner of Charles de Bernard, but in one respect the new author had the advantage. His wit was as sparkling, his tone quite as gentlemanly and agreeable, but he eschewed the caricature into which De Bernard's *verve* not unfrequently seduces him.

The name of the new aspirant for literary fame soon oozed out, and to Monsieur Valbeze was decreed the honour of having produced one of the most attractive novels of the day. It at once gave him a reputation for ability, and is even said to have conducted to his shortly afterwards receiving a government appointment. It brought him under the notice of the bestowers of loaves and fishes, as a man whose finesse d'esprit and knowledge of the world might be rendered serviceable to the state. M. Valbeze is now consul of France at the Cape of Good Hope. It is to be desired that he may there find leisure to cultivate his literary talents, and add others to the favourable specimen of them he has already given. In Paris we should have had less expectation of his so doing, for his book denotes him, if a writer may be judged by his writings, to be a man of ease and pleasure, more disposed and likely to sink into *far niente* and form the chief ornament of a brilliant circle, than to seclude himself in a study, and apply seriously to literature.

The opening scene of M. Valbeze's book is a brilliant ball-room in the Faubourg St. Honore. At a whist-table sits the Count de Marsanne—a man of forty years of age, at most; of robust health and handsome person. His figure is stout without being corpulent; his ruddy countenance, tanned by exposure to the weather, is not without distinction and grace; his blue eyes are remarkably fine and intelligent; he wears his beard, and his thick strong hair is cropped short. His dress denotes the gentleman. His linen is exquisitely white, and the cut of his coat can only be attributed to the skilful hand of Blin or Chevrel.

The Count, who served previously to the July revolution in the hussars of the Guard, and who, since leaving the service, has sought in field sports the peril, excitement, and activity essential to his ardent and impetuous character, drives his dowager partner to despair by his blunders at whist. He pays less attention to the game than to the facetious whispers of his cousin, De Kersent—a young man of five-and-twenty, short, fat, always happy and good-humoured, an eager sportsman, and much more at his ease at a battue than a ball. The rubber over, the Count leaves the heated card-room, to seek cooler air in an outer apartment. M. Valbeze shall speak for himself.

"Whilst posted at the entrance door, Marsanne was accosted by a young man of about eight-and-twenty, of elegant figure and most agreeable countenance.

"The exquisitely polished tone of this new personage, the tasteful simplicity of his costume, indicated a man of the best society, to whom the epithet of lion might with propriety have been applied, were it not that, in these days of promiscuous lionism, the word has lost its primitive acceptation.

"Well! my dear Vassigny," said Marsanne, breathing with difficulty, "did you ever experience such a temperature? For my part, I was never so hot in my life, not even in Africa, when our soldiers blew out their brains to escape the scorching sun. Refreshments, too, are scarce at the whist-table: we did not see even a glass of water. Consequently, my friend, I was so inattentive to the game, that through my fault, my very heinous fault, we lost the rub. The Baroness de Pibrac, my unlucky partner, was tragically indignant. Ah! she will not forgive me in a hurry! If heaven has any regard for her maledictions, I shall pay dearly for the fourteen francs I made her lose."

"Madame de Marsanne is here?" inquired the young man.

"Of course. You know me well enough to be sure I should not remain from choice in such a furnace. I am no great lover of balls, but this is the last of the season; so, one hour's patience, and a year's holiday is before me. Remember, we meet to-morrow morning at seven, sharp. Kersent accompanies us to Rambouillet. At last, then, I shall revisit my horses, my dogs my forests; I shall have air—motion. . . . *Tonton, tontaine, tonton* . . . hummed the sportsman, whose face beamed with joy at thoughts of the chase.

"Certainly, I shall be exact. . . . But as you have been here some time, you will perhaps be so good as to show me Mr. Robinson, the master of the house. None of my friends have been able to point him out, and I am rather curious to make my bow to him."

"*Ma foi!* my dear fellow," replied Marsanne, "your question is not easy to answer. I am inclined to think it is that crooked little gentleman in black—unless, indeed, it be yonder portly handsome man in the blue coat. Upon reflection, I vote for the latter. His wholesome corpulence tells of the substantial and judicious nourishment of the Anglo-Americans. In fact, I am as ignorant as yourself."

On arriving, we were met at this door by the Marchioness de Presle, who, as you know, sent out the invitations for Mr. Robinson; and as soon as we had paid our respects to the Marchioness, Madame de Marsanne dragged me forward to the third saloon, so that I know no more of our amphitryon than you do. But here is little Merville. He will settle our doubts."

The new personage whose coming Marsanne announced, owed to his age alone the epithet applied to him, for he was above the ordinary height. He was apparently about one-and-twenty; his insignificant countenance, which in character bore some resemblance to that of a sheep, expressed perfect self-satisfaction. An embroidered shirt, and a white satin waistcoat, spangled with gold, might have made him suspected of a great leaning to the frivolities of

dress, had not a white flower in his buttonhole revealed serious political predilections, and an unchangeable attachment to the fallen House of Bourbon.

"'Movillez,' said Marsanne, 'show Vassigny the master of the house; he wishes to make his bow to him.'

"'For what?' inquired the youth, with adorable impertinence.

"'For the sake of good breeding,' replied Vassigny drily.

"'Nonsense!' cried Movillez, 'you surely do not dream of such a thing: If you knew Mr. Robinson he would bow to you in the street, and that would be very disagreeable.'

"'There is pleasure in giving you parties; you are not even grateful for your entertainment.'

"'Perfectly true; and what is more, I consider Mr. Robinson under an obligation to me. Persons of his sort are too happy to get people like us to go to their routs and help them to devour their dollars. But we do not on that account become one of them; that, *parbleu!* would never do. Thank heaven! even in these days of equality we have not come to that. An unknown individual arrives at Paris, having made his fortune in India, Peru, or Chili, in the slave-trade, in cotton, or in tallow. All well and good; I have nothing to do with it. I go to his balls, I eat his suppers; but I do not know him the more for that.'

"'You have your theory, I have mine,' replied Vassigny; 'each of us thinks his own the best, I suppose.'

"'Come, come, confess candidly that you wish to do the eccentric,' said Movillez. 'Well, for your government, that little gentleman in the black coat, leaning against the chimney-piece, is the Robinson. He is very ugly. I am heartily sorry the Marchioness de Presle did not suggest to him to adopt the costume of patron saint. The pointed hat and palm leaf inexpressibles would become him admirably. As to the ball, it is tolerably brilliant: there is a good deal of faubourg St. Germain and faubourg St. Honore. *Dame!* there are other sorts too—a little finance, some beauties from the citizen-court, a few prudes from the Bal Ranbuteau. The company is mixed, certainly, but still it is astonishing that this exotic has been able to collect so many people of fashion. You know the report about *il Signor* Robinson, that he was ten years in prison at Philadelphia! Yes, he is an interesting victim of human injustice; I am assured he reasons most eloquently on the penitentiary system.'

"These silly and slanderous jokes seemed anything but agreeable to the two persons to whom they were addressed.

"'Is your father's counting house still in the Rue Lepelletier?' said Vassigny, with freezing *sang froid*. 'I want some bills on London, and shall give him my custom in preference to any other banker.'

"These words brought a vivid flush to the cheek of the young dandy; he replied only by an affirmative sign, left the two friends, and entered the dancing-room.

"'Do you know, Gaston,' said Marsanne, 'little Movillez was anything but well pleased by your promising his father your custom?'

"'I both know and am delighted at it. The little puppy forgot, when he sneered at the beauties of the citizen-court, that my sister belongs to the household of the Duchess of . . . I was very glad to remind him that his father is neither more nor less than a banker, and that it takes something more than a white rose in the button-hole to make a Montmorency or a Biron. But I must leave you.'

"So saying, Vassigny pressed his friend's hand, addressed a few polite words to the master of the house, who seemed surprised at this unusual piece of courtesy, and passed into the adjoining saloon. The ball was at the gayest; the elegant costumes had lost nothing of their freshness, and the faces of the women, animated by pleasure, as yet showed no traces of fatigue. The orchestra conducted by Tolbecque, was remarkable for its spirit and harmony. Every thing in this charming fete was calculated to excite the indignation of those narrow minded reformers, who cannot understand that the luxury of the rich gives bread to the poor.

"Vassigny staundered for some time through the crowd, shaking hands with friends and bowing to ladies; but it was easy to judge from his irregular movements and wandering glances, that he had not taken this peregrination without an object.

"At last he reached the door of a little boudoir—a delightful and mysterious assylum, hung with silk and perfumed with flowers. A chosen few had taken refuge in this sanctuary, where the murmur of the ball and the crash of the orchestra arrived faint and subdued. Here Vassigny seemed to have attained the goal he had proposed himself, as his eyes rested upon a lady gracefully sunk in an arm chair, and chatting familiarly with M. de Kersent.

"It were necessary to borrow the swan quill of Dorat, of gallant memory, faithfully to trace a portrait of this young woman then in the flower of her age and beauty. Priding ourselves unfortunately of being of our century, and consequence very ungallant, we shall merely say, that it is impossible to imagine a more charming countenance: without having the regularity of a classic model the features were replete with fascination.

"Her eyelids, fringed with long curved lashes, protected eyes whose liquid and languishing expression was exchanged at intervals for bright and brilliant glances, indicative of a passionate and powerful organization. The arch of her eyebrows was accurately and delicately pencilled; so affable was her smile so white and regular her teeth, that one dared not to call her mouth large, nor tax it with extending—according to Bussy Rabutin's expression—from ear to ear. Her neck and shoulders perfectly moulded, and of dazzling whiteness, would have enchanted a sculptor.

"Her dress, extremely plain, was of white lace; a wreath of fresh gathered corn-flowers decked her head—the humble field blossom seeming proud of its place in the midst of a magnificent forest of golden hair, worthy to support a diadem. A bunch of the same flowers in her hand, completed a costume whose simplicity was equalled by its elegance."

Thus, at setting off, M. Valbezene sketches the five principal actors in his domestic drama; and we have little further to read before discovering their virtues and vices, and the relation to which they stand to each other. The Count de Marsanne is a man of strict honor, and warm heart; generous instincts, and much delicacy of feeling. Sincerely attached to his wife, he has nevertheless, from a very early period of their wedded life, great neglected her, leaving her to pine in solitude, whilst he indulged his violent passion for field sports.

The affection Amelie de Marsanne originally felt for her husband has yielded to the neglect of years, and been replaced by a violent passion for Vassigny, which he ardently reciprocates. So guarded however have been their conduct that none suspect the intrigue.

Marsanne has perfect confidence in his wife's virtue; and the gay good hu-

moured Kersent, who is warmly attached to his beautiful cousin and on terms of great intimacy with Vassigny, has not the remotest idea of the good understanding between the two persons he best loves.

Movillez, an admirable specimen of the pretentious young Frenchman just escaped from college, and aping the follies and vices of more mature Parisian "roues," affords many comic scenes, which agreeably relieve the grave and thrilling interest of the book. He also unknown to himself, plays an important part in the plot, and by his indiscretion is the cause of a world of unhappiness to the four persons already described.

Francine, a fifth rate actress in a Paris theatre, vulgar, profligate, and mercenary; and Major d'Harcourt a good natured old officer, punctilious on the point of honor, and fancying himself a man of most pacific disposition whilst in reality he is ever ready for a duel, complete the "dramatis persona."

Although d'Harcourt has attained the ripe age of fifty, he still knows how to sympathize with youth, to understand its tastes and excuse its follies; and Movillez is one of the hopefuls whom he not unfrequently favors with his society and benefits by his advice.

The day after the ball, Marsanne's hunting party takes place. A wild boar it killed, and poor Movillez, who has joined the chaise in hopes of distinguishing himself before the eyes of a fair English amazon, meets with numerous disasters, principally occasioned by bad horsemanship, but which his indomitable conceit prevents his taking much to heart.

A week later we find him dining at the Cafe de Paris in company with d'Harcourt, and listening to sundry narratives of remarkable single combats, which the old fire-eater had witnessed, heard of, or shared in. Desert is on table, when these bellicose reminiscences are interrupted by the arrival of Kersent.

"Allow me to enjoy your society," said the new comer, 'until the arrival of Marsanne, who is behind his time, as usual.'

"With the greatest pleasure," replied the Major cordially. 'What will you take?'

"Nothing, I should spoil my dinner. Well, young man, continued Kersent addressing himself to Movillez, 'so we are getting on in the world, conquering a position, becoming a lion of the very first water. The *Journal des Chasses* talks of nothing but your exploits at the Rambouillet hunt.'

"How so?" cried Movillez, greatly surprised.

"Yes in the account of the day's sport it cites the elegant, the courageous, the dauntless Movillez as first in at the death. Two pages about you, neither more nor less, in the style of the passage of the Rhine by de-junct, Boileau."

"I did not deserve such praise. Henceforward, I will take the paper."

"You cannot do less."

"Read the article twice," said d'Harcourt, who had listened attentively to Kersent's words. "You know me for a man of peaceable temper and disposition, an enemy, both by nature and habit, of all violence. Well, I read that article to-day, and it seems to me that under the form of praise it concealed a tendency to satire. I hesitated to tell you of it, but since another has started the hare, you shall have my candid opinion on the subject. We must not allow the press to take liberties with us; a man of the world should be extremely severe with those who dare to turn his private life into ridicule. Read the article attentively, and if you are of opinion the affair should be followed up, which in my conscience I think it ought to be, why, then," concluded the Major martially, 'you may reckon on my services.'

"*Parbleu!* d'Harcourt," cried Kersent, gaily, 'you won't succeed in setting us by the ears.'

"What! the article is your's?" exclaimed the two diners.

"Mine. Your astonishment does not indicate a very flattering estimate of my literary capacity. Yes, my friends! I mean to make myself a position, I aspire to become a legislator, and by way of getting my hand in, I write for the *Journal des Chasses*. Electors like to find in their candidate a man of letters, rich in the honours of pica and long prima. So I flatter the elective weakness; I sacrifice to the parliamentary calf. Ah! only let me get into the Chamber," continued Kersent, in the tone of a future tribune, 'and you shall see me take up a solid position. My plans are formed. Once in the Chamber, I defend the partridge, I plead for the rabbit, I declare myself the champion of fur and feather. Find a college of electors intelligent enough to return me, and you shall have a game law worthy of Solon. It is already framed in my head. Death for the poacher, death for the snare-fetter! the philanthropical system of the Committee of Public Salvation! With such a law, you would soon see prodigious results."

"But I arrived only this morning from Plessy, with Marsanne; and we set out again to-morrow for the forest of Orleans. His hunting equipage has preceded us. Any fresh scandal here? Are you successful with Lady Emilia? *Sapristie!* if she does not look favorably on you after your exploits of last week, her heart must be granite."

"Perhaps!" muttered Movillez with an air of consummate coxcom-bory.

"The *perhaps* is very significant; but I know your discretion, and will question you no further. And Vassigny, how is he? what is he doing? where is he?"

"I know a thing or two about him, and by the bye, I will tell you what I know. You may be able to help me in my researches."

"I am all ears," said Kersent. 'Ah, there you are Marsanne! three quarters of an hour late, that's all! if I have an indigestion I shall know whom to thank. But hush! Movillez is about to unfold the mysteries of Vassigny.'

Marsanne who had just arrived, nodded to his friends, and lent his attention to Movillez, who began as follows:

"I have given up the new system of horsemanship, and devote myself entirely to the equitation of the race course; I am resolved to make a brilliant appearance next spring upon the turf at Versailles. Every day I take a sweating in the Bois de Boulogne, under Flatman, the jockey, who meets me at nine in the morning, at the corner of the Allee de Marigny."

"I leave my house therefore, at half-past-eight, and proceed to my appointment by the Rue de la Pepiniere and the Rue de Miromesnil. Several days together I met Vassigny at that unusual hour, in that out of the way quarter, and saw him enter a small house, No. 17, in the Rue de Miromesnil, where it is impossible any acquaintance of his can live. This very morning I saw him again, and I determined to solve the riddle. I sauntered up and down the street, and thank heaven my patience was not put to a very severe trial. A little blue hackney coach, of mysterious aspect, with the blinds down, turned out of the Rue Verte, and stopped at No. 17. The coach door opened, a lady tripped down the steps with the rapidity of a frightened doe, and darted into the house."

"Impossible to say who it was. Her figure was elegant, she wore a dark colored morning dress; an odious black veil, impenetrable to the eye fell from her velvet hat. But there was such an aristocratic air about her, such a high-bred atmosphere environed her, that I would wager my head it was some duchess or marchioness.

"The driver had resumed his seat, and I was venting execrations on black veils, when the god of scandal came to my aid. I perceived on the pavement at my feet, a little purse which the lady had dropped. In a second I had picked it up, thrust it into my pocket, and ran away like a thief with the police at his heels.

"As to the purse continued Movillez, producing a small purse of plain green silk network, 'here it is. Let us see if you can guess its owner; for my part I have not even a suspicion.'

"The purse, curiously examined by Kersent and D'Havercourt, at last came into the hands of Marsanne. He looked at it for a few moments, and then with a severe expression of countenance, addressed Movillez:

"You are young, Monsieur de Movillez," he said; 'allow me to tell you how a well-bred man, a man of delicacy, would have acted under such circumstances. He would have given the money to the poor and thrown the purse into the fire. I will do for you what you should have done yourself.'

"And approaching the fire-place, Marsanne dropped the purse upon the glowing embers, which instantly consumed it. There was something noble and solemn in the action of the Count's; the blood of the French chevaliers those loyal subjects of beauty, had been stirred in the veins of their descendant by the recital of this blamable act of curiosity. Marsanne continued:

"Allow me to tell you, sir, that the men of your generation, accustomed to live with courtezans, and to seek venal and ready-made loves, are ignorant of what is due to women because they are women. None make more allowance than I do for the levities of youth. But what I blame is, than in utter wantonness, and for the gratification of an idle curiosity, you lift the curtain shrouding a secret, and pour out misery and desolation upon a poor woman, more deserving, perhaps, of censure than of utter condemnation. Be not more severe than a husband,—you a young man, liable to profit by such errors; and remember that a true gentleman will respect women even in their weaknesses. Weigh my words, M. de Movillez; you will not be offended at my frankness."

A few hours after scene, the Countess de Marsanne, alone in her boudoir, and busy with her embroidering frame, receives a visit from her husband—Just returned from one hunting-party, and about to start upon another, the incorrigible sportsman is seized with remorse at the solitude to which his wife is condemned, and, touched by her resignation to a lonely and cheerless existence, he generously resolves to sacrifice his own pleasures to her happiness. He proposes that they should go to Italy, and pass the winter at Florence or Naples, where he trusts to wean himself from the chase and acquire a taste for domestic enjoyments. The Countess refuses to take advantage of the generous impulse, professes her sincere friendship for her husband, but avows that her love for him has fled, driven from her heart by suffering and neglect.

"At this moment Madame de Marsanne's maid came to tell her that her bedroom was ready for her reception. Then she added:

"I have looked everywhere for the purse of Madame la Comtesse, but it is nowhere to be found."

"At these words, Marsanne's countenance assumed a singular paleness, and it was all he could do to master his emotion and say to his wife:

"You have lost your purse?"

"Yes," replied the Countess, unobservant of her husband's agitation; 'or, rather I have mislaid it in some corner.'

"It was doubtless of value?"

"Oh! by no means. A little green silk purse, my own work, and nearly empty."

"The Count remained motionless, like a man struck by a thunderbolt.

"You have no commissions for Plessy?" he at last articulated, breathing short and quick, and not knowing what he asked.

"I thought you just said you were going to Orleans," replied the Countess.

"I shall visit Plessy on my return."

"Then kiss my little godson Henriot. Much pleasure to you; and return as soon as possible."

Marsanne raised the Countess's hand to his lips, and left the boudoir; but he staggered like a drunken man, and was obliged to support himself by the banister in order to reach his room.

Towards the middle of that night, a belated passenger through the Rue d'Anjou would have witnessed a curious spectacle. Although the cold was intense, a window was wide open, and by the light of a lamp a man was to be seen leaning upon the balustrade. From time to time, deep-drawn sobs of rage and despair burst from his breast, and he violently pressed his head between his hands, as if to prevent it from splitting. This man was the Count de Marsanne.

The following morning a hackney coach, containing a lady closely veiled, had scarcely turned from the Rue Miromesnil into the Rue Verte, when a man, who for some time previously had paced to and fro, muffled in a large cloak, paused at No. 17 in the former street, dropped the folds of his mantle, and took off a pair of huge green spectacles that had previously concealed his face.—The Count de Marsanne, for he it was, remained motionless beside the door whence the coach had driven. From his extreme paleness, and the gloomy immobility of his features, he might have been taken for a statue of stone.

The hackney-coach was scarcely out of sight, when Vassigny appeared at the door of No. 17. On beholding him the Count's eyes sparkled; he extended his hand and seized Vassigny by the arm.

"Will M. de Vassigny," he said, 'honour me with a moment's interview?'

"Don Juan, dragged towards the abyss by the statue of the Commendatore, cannot have experienced such a feeling of terror as at that moment took possession of Vassigny.

"Sir," he stammered, 'I know not.....'

"I ask an interview, sir," said the Count, with sinister calmness; 'I have grave matters to discuss with you; we should not be at our ease in the street; will you be good enough to conduct me to your house?'

"Really I know not what you mean."

"I repeat, M. de Vassigny, that I have things to say which none but you must hear. Be so kind as to lead the way."

"My house, as you know, is in the Rue de Provence," said Vassigny, with a constrained air. 'I shall be happy to receive you there.'

"Let us go," said the Count.

"They walked in the direction of the Rue de Provence. By the time he arrived there, Vassigny's emotion had attained the highest pitch, and his legs bent under him as he ascended the stairs.

"A servant introduced the two men into an elegant drawing room.

"There was a moment of terrible silence: Marsanne seemed to have shaken off his gloomy despair: inflexible resolution was legible in his eyes. Vassigny, on the contrary, appeared exhausted and overcome, a criminal awaiting sentence of death.

"You have seen Madame de Marsanne this morning," said the husband, with strange solemnity.

"Madame de Marsanne! .... In Heaven's name, you are mistaken!" cried Vassigny. But his tone of voice, and the wild expression of his features, fully confirmed the Count's words.

"You have seen Madame de Marsanne this morning," repeated the Count. "I know, sir, that as a man of honour, you are incapable of betraying a lady's secret; but I prefer the evidence of my eyes even to your word."

"Well, sir, my life is yours—take it!" cried Vassigny, casting towards heaven a glance of rage and despair. Marsanne gazed at the young man for a brief space, and then resumed.

"Listen to me, M. de Vassigny, the law authorized me to assassinate you, but that is not a gentleman's revenge. The law further authorized me to have my dishonour certified by a commissary of police, and to drag you before the tribunals for condemnation—to six months' imprisonment and a few thousand francs' damages! Mockery!! My instinct of honour rejected such an alternative. An honourable man revenges himself of an outrage by meeting his offender bare-breasted and with equal weapons. You think as I do, sir?"

"Your seconds, your time, your arms!" cried Vassigny, all his courage revived by this appeal to the point of honour.

"Patience, sir—patience. The time will come when we shall meet face to face; but the hour of that mortal combat has not yet tolled."

"I wait your orders; from this day forward I am ready."

"I expected no less, sir, from your courage."

"There was a pause, and then Marsanne resumed.

"Whatever be the issue of our duel," he said, 'you have poisoned my life, heaped misery and bitterness upon the rest of my days. I believe you capable of appreciating what I am about to demand. Yesterday, sir, when I became aware of my dishonour, my first thought was a thought of blood. Then I examined my own conscience—a cruel and painful examination, for I was compelled to own that if Madame de Marsanne had betrayed me she was not alone to blame. I searched the innermost recesses of my heart, and I felt that this woman, abandoned by her husband, had at least the excuse of unhappiness and neglect. I thought of my poor child, whose mother's name I should tarnish, and my thirst of vengeance yielded to these all-powerful considerations. Honour requires, sir, that I should take your life, or you mine: but it demands still more imperatively that the cause of the duel should remain unknown."

"A pretext is easily found: a quarrel at the theatre or club will suffice."

"What, sir!" replied Marsanne, 'you, who know the world and its greedy curiosity as well as I do, can you think that it will be satisfied with a frivolous pretext, and will not strive, by cruel investigation, to penetrate our secret? No, sir! to-day a duel would leave too large a field for conjecture; our meeting must be prepared long beforehand. In this night of agony I have calculated everything: the interests of my vengeance the interests of my honour, the interests of a woman whom I still love.'

"The Count's voice quivered as he pronounced these last words, and a scalding tear coursed down his cheek.

"Your wishes are orders for me," said Vassigny.

"You shall give me your word of honour," continued the Count, 'that from this moment you will see Madame de Marsanne no more. Then, resuming a gay life, you shall make a parade of some intrigue, either in society or behind the scenes of a theatre, which, by misleading suspicion, will enable us to have the meeting you must desire as much as myself.'

"Vassigny reflected for a few moments, and replied in a firm tone—

"Monsieur le Comte," he said, 'I have long known you for of those men with whom honour stands before everything; and from the very first day I made, as now, the sacrifice of my life. But I am not bound to do more; and if I subscribe to your demand, I have a right also to stipulate a condition.'

"You!" exclaimed Marsanne, with repressed fury.

"Yes, I!" repeated Vassigny, with indelible energy: 'my honour and my heart render it my imperious duty. Pledge me your word as a gentleman, that for every one, even for Madame de Marsanne, the real cause of our duel shall remain an impenetrable secret, and I at once adhere to all your conditions.'

"You love her, then, very dearly," ..... said the Count, with a bitter laugh.

"Enough to sacrifice my life, my honour, even my love, to her repose."

"After a few instants of silence, the Count again spoke in a grave voice:—

"You do your duty as a man of honour, sir, as I have done mine; and I now pledge you my word that for every one, even for Madame de Marsanne, the cause of our duel shall remain a profound secret."

"On your day, at your hour, I am ready," said Vassigny.

"I thank you, sir, depend on my word, as I depend on yours." And with a dignified wave of the hand to his adversary, Marsanne left the room."

This violent scene had exhausted Vassigny's fortitude; the Count gone, he sank into an arm-chair, covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child.

Some weeks have elapsed and the characters of the tale are assembled at a theatre: Marsanne, his wife, and Kersent in a box—Movillez and D'Havercourt in stalls—Mademoiselle Francine on the stage. Vassigny, in one of the proscenium boxes, has no eyes or ears but for the actress. He has kept his word to Marsanne, and Paris rings with the scandal of his attachment to Francine. She is the *Chien d'Alcibiade*. Strictly honourable in the observance of his promise, he has neither seen nor written to Madame de Marsanne since the day of his terrible interview with her husband. Such self-denial has not been exercised with impunity. In a few weeks, ten years have passed over the head of the unhappy Gaston de Vassigny. His brow is furrowed, his temper soured, and his amazed friends attribute these sad changes to his insane passion for the worthless Francine. He plays high; it is to supply the wants of his extravagant mistress. At the club, Marsanne is his usual antagonist, and always wins. Vassigny loses his temper with his money, and says harsh things to the Count, who bears them with exemplary patience, for the hour of his revenge is not yet come. But if Vassigny is supremely wretched, Amelie de Marsanne is not less so. She too, within a few weeks, has changed so as to be scarcely recognisable; and on her wan and pallid countenance the outward and visible signs of a breaking heart are unmistakably stamped. In vain has she striven to learn the reason of Vassigny's sudden and unaccountable estrangement. He steadily avoids her. She sees him in public, ostentatiously display-

ing his disgraceful *liaison* with a low actress, constant in his attendance at her performances, galloping on the Champs Elysees beside the carriage he has given her. She catches the innuendoes of his acquaintance, sneering at or pitying his infatuation.

"At the theatre, on the night in question, she is agonized by the malicious jests of little Movillez, who pitilessly ridicules Vassigny's absurd and ignoble passion. Early next morning Vassigny receives one of Kersent's cards, with a request written upon it for an immediate visit. Supposing his friend to have had a quarrel, and to need his services, he hurries to his house. Kersent, who is soundly sleeping, abuses his visitor for arousing him, declares he has sent no message, and disavows the hand-writing on the card. Just then the servant enters and announces the arrival of a veiled lady, who waits in an adjoining apartment to speak to the Viscount de Vassigny.

With pensive and care-laden brow; Gaston left his friend's room, and entered that in which the lady waited. But on the threshold he paused, and a deep flush overspread his countenance. He beheld Madame de Marsanne.

It was indeed the Countess, who, in contempt of propriety, and half-crazed with suffering, had resolved to hear her sentence from Vassigny's own lips. In vain she had written to him—her letters remained unanswered; in vain she had neglected no means of seeing him—her endeavours had invariably been fruitless. Her heart torn by such ingratitude, and by the scandalous passion Vassigny paraded for Mademoiselle Francine, she had not hesitated to seek an interview in the house of her husband's cousin. In the sad conversation that ensued, the most touching appeal that tenderness and suffering could inspire was addressed by the Countess de Marsanne to Vassigny. But he was able to impose silence on the passion that devoured him.

Divided between his love and the respect due to his plighted word, the two most violent sentiments that find place in man's bosom, Gaston's heart bled cruelly; but he triumphed over himself. Words full of the coldest reason issued from his lips; he had sufficient strength to break for ever the tie that bound him to the countess.

These cruel words did not fail of their effect: Madame de Marsanne believed that she had honoured with her tenderness one unable to appreciate its value, and incapable of a generous sacrifice.

"M de Vassigny," she said, "you are a heartless man!"

Such was the phrase that terminated this melancholy interview. The heart of Madame de Marsanne was broken, but a guilty love had for ever left it.

Some moments after the close of this scene, Vassigny re-entered Kersent's chamber; but his face was livid, and he could scarcely drag himself along. Without a word, he sank upon a chair and remained plunged in the most gloomy despair. Kersent's countenance, usually so joyous, had assumed an expression of anguish. He had examined the writing on the card, and he could not conceal from himself that he knew the hand. The scene at the theatre the previous evening, came back to his memory: he remembered the strange melancholy of his cousin, her confusion when she returned him the card-case she had asked to look at; and from all these things combined, he concluded that a fatal secret weighed upon two beings whom he cherished with equal tenderness. On beholding Vassigny's profound consternation, the sportsman heaved a sigh of deep distress.

"My friend," he said to Gaston, "a misfortune threatens you; open your heart to me, I conjure you, in the name of our old friendship."

Vassigny made no reply.

"Hear me, Gaston; you know me well enough to be certain that no idle curiosity impels me. Perhaps I can serve you. If I may believe the sad presentiment that fills my heart, you suffer not alone, and the poor woman that suffers with you has a right to all my sympathy. For she who has just left the house, is —"

Vassigny sprang to his feet, and placed his hand over his friend's mouth. "No, no!" he exclaimed, "the fatal secret shall die with me." Then, without another word, he sat down at a table, and with a trembling hand traced the following lines:

"Monsieur le Comte, there are tortures which human strength cannot endure. For mercy's sake, let us terminate this sad affair as soon as may be, or I will not answer for keeping my promise. I shall pass the night at the club."

"This letter was addressed: 'Monsieur le Comte de Marsanne.'"

At the club, the husband and the lover meet and play high. Vassigny loses, as usual; affects anger, shuffles the cards offensively, and hints suspicions of foul play. A challenge is the natural result. Late upon the following night, we find Kersent pacing the Boulevard in despondent mood, accompanied by D'Havrecourt; who has acted as one of Marsanne's seconds in the inevitable duel. They discuss the melancholy event of Vassigny's death, which has occurred that evening, a few hours after his adversary's ball had pierced his breast. Vassigny had fired in the air.

"The more I reflect upon it," said D'Havrecourt, "the more convinced I am that the unworthy affection of which Vassigny made a parade, was only a feigned sentiment, a mock passion thrown as a blind to the indiscreet curiosity of the world, to mask a devoted, although, perhaps, a guilty love. To you, who loved him as a brother, and to you alone, I may divulge an episode of this fatal drama. This it is. Vassigny was still stretched upon the grass; the surgeon, after vainly endeavoring to extract the bullet, put up his instruments, with a countenance that left me no hope. Tinguy had led away Marsanne; Navailles and Lord Howly had gone off in all haste to have everything prepared at Vassigny's house, the other to summon the first physicians. I was alone with the wounded man. His senses returned; he opened his eyes, and I saw by the expression of his agonized features that he wished to speak to me. I knelt beside him. He raised his left hand, and in a feeble voice asked me to unfasten his shirt-sleeve. I obeyed. His wrist was encircled by a small bracelet of hair, so tightly fastened to the arm, that, to get it off, I had to cut the trees. D'Havrecourt," said he, faintly, "that bracelet was only to quite me with life;—I confide it to your honor; swear to annihilate it the instant you get home. I made the required vow, and from that moment he spoke not a word. On reaching home, my first care was to fulfil my promise, by burning the bracelet. It was composed of a tress of fair hair, and the hair of that Francine is black. And it was secured by a gold plate, upon which were engraved an A and a G intertwined with the words, '14 October, 1840.'"

"Oh! say no more, my dear friend," cried Kersent, interrupting the Major. "Alas! I have too much reason to believe that there are now upon this earth two beings infinitely more to be pitied than Vassigny. He, at least, has found in death oblivion of his sorrows; but they survive for misery and tears."

None, save Kersent and D'Havrecourt, suspect the true cause of the duel—they are men of honour, and the secret is safe with them. For once, the inquisitive and scandal-loving Parisian world has been put upon a wrong

sent. The Count's precautions and Vassigny's sufferings have not been thrown away. The Countess's reputation is saved—the honour of the De Marsannes remains unblemished. It is not without success that the ignoble Francine has been made unwittingly to play the part of the Dog of Alcibiades.

An epilogue, in the shape of a letter from Kersent, dated a year later, from the bivouac of Bab-el-Oued, closes this tragical and well-told tale. It informs D'Havrecourt and the reader of the death of the Count de Marsanne and his erring and unhappy wife. The latter had died some months previously, of a malady brought on by grief. The Count met his fate by a Bedouin bullet in the deserts of Algeria. Kersent, whom affection and compassion had prompted to accompany his cousin in his last campaign, found upon the breast of the dead officer a bracelet enclosing a fragment of paper, the legacy of Madame de Marsanne to her husband. It contained the avowal of a fault and a prayer for pardon.

## Miscellaneous Articles.

### HOOKING A NORWAY SALMON.

"Between Christiana and Frondheim there are many little post-towns and villages: these are, unfortunately for the traveller's comfort, not equidistant, so that some management as to time of starting and arriving is necessary, to insure snug quarters for the night. The first day's journey will be to Garssoe, distant about five or six and forty miles. Very tolerable accommodation will be found here—the sleeping rooms clean and comfortable, and the fare plain, but good of its kind. The second day's journey may be long or short, at the wayfarer's option, as there are two resting-places; and the night may be passed at either very satisfactorily, at least to those who do not mind reaching it en voyage. The first of these little towns is Vingnas; the other Moshuns; both of which, as we have said, afford good quarters. The fourth day will be found the most trying, for the journey is a long and wearisome one: passing over Fockstuen to Ferkin, albeit, very little better is to be found there. At Ferkin, barring the lack of butter, accommodation of a very superior stamp will be found, as well as at Kongswold, the next stage, or rather, the termination of the fifth day's journey. At both these little towns the traveller will find luxuries he little dreamt of meeting with in so wild and desolate a country; and he will do well to lay in a goodly store of creature comforts, both inwardly and outwardly, while at Ferkin or Kongswold, for at the intervening post-houses, Birkager and Garlic, he may perchance obtain refreshment, such as is promised on the sign-boards of road-side inns at home, under the announcement of "Entertainment for man and horse;" but in what the said "entertainment" consists, we confess to have been puzzled from our youth upward until now. The sixth day, which will include a halt at these two last named places, will bring the salmon fisher to Frondheim, within a short distance of the goal of his wishes—the beautiful river Guul. Here it was that Mr. Hornden, an enthusiastic and practised trout and salmon-fisher, took up his quarters this time last year: and before we proceed to describe the Allen, and the magnificent copper-works on its banks, we will, for the reader's edification, recount a feat performed by this gentleman, which, from its daring, and the success which attended his bold attempt, deserves a notch on the butt of every fisherman's rod, and to be chronicled in the annals of piscatorial skill and enterprise as a matchless performance.

"At the foot of a slight, and in a pool most romantically situated, with high banks of granite on one side of the river Guul, and a dark, overhanging wood of pine, fir, and larch on the other, Mr. Hornden hooked a remarkably fine salmon, which soon gave him a taste of its quality by running out every inch of his line.

"What was to be done? the fish a very large heavy one, was pulling vigorously, and making down stream towards some rapids. Mr. Hornden waded in to the water; but his courage was not cooled by the immersion of his extremities, with the rod uplifted in his left hand, he made a plunge for it, while with his right he gradually swam to a shelving bank on the opposite side, some hundred and fifty or two hundred yards below the spot where the struggle first commenced. Nought was seen but the supple and well-poised rod, and a white Jim-Crow hat peering above the flowing water; but an experienced hand was beneath the surface. A sure footing once obtained, the odds became fearfully against the salmon, who fought bravely against his fearful antagonist. As each yard of the line was wound on the reel, the chance of escape for the fish diminished. He turns; he rushes up stream: wildly and madly he darts to and fro; but at each attempt distance between the angler and himself is lessened. No chance has the noble salmon of disengaging the well-tempered hook from the firm hold it has taken in his gullet, by grinding the line against a projecting stone. As a last expiring effort the kingly fish makes for the bottom; but a steady strain defeats his purpose, and being drawn with an equable pull down the stream towards a shallow, the prize is exposed to the view of the exulting captor, who in masterly style exhausts his prey, which he gaffs and lands after a tussle of nearly an hour's duration. The weight of this leviathan was a trifle under eight-and-forty pounds."

*The Expedition in Search for Sir John Franklin.*—The party of Royal Sappers and Miners who are to form the "searching" party to be despatched on a boat expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his party, in case no intelligence of them should reach England before next spring, embarked on the 7th inst. on board the Prince Rupert and Westminster. The detachment consists of 1 corporal, 2 lance corporals, and 12 privates, all of whom have been examined by Sir John Richardson, and have been selected from Woolwich, Chatham, and Sandhurst, out of a large number who volunteered for the expedition. The instructions to the party are, to land at Fort Jack, and proceed to the company's station on the M'Kenzie River, where they are to winter, and in the event of an unfortunate doubt still hanging over the fate of the intrepid Arctic voyageurs they will be joined by Sir John Richardson in the spring of 1848. The men are all to be tee-totalers, that is, no grog or spirits will be served out to them, but they will receive double pay and rations, and will have an abundant supply of pemmican, or the dried flesh of the buffalo. Winter dresses, prepared from the skin of the moose and deer, are also provided for them, and every provision has been made to enable them to meet the rigours of the terrible climate they will have to endure. The men are all accustomed to the use of boats, which they will have in continual use on the M'Kenzie, and have been selected from the trades of carpenters, smiths, etc. Dr. King has addressed a letter to the Secretary of State for the colonies, volunteering to go to the relief of Sir John Franklin's expedition. He was the medical officer of an expedition in search of Sir John Ross, in 1833-4, and for some time commanded that expedition. Dr. King's plan differs from that of Sir J. Richardson, who has already been set on foot. Sir John proposed to send out provisions for the

party, which numbered 126 men; but Dr. King maintains that such an attempt must fail, from the impracticable nature of the region to be traversed with such a burden. He proposes that provisions should be sent out to the western corner of North Somerset, where the party are likely to be found; that food should also be placed in various depots; and that he should convey intelligence of the stores to the lost party, with Indians as guides.

**The Great Britain.**—There are arrangements in progress to raise her, previous to being floated off, and they are certainly very ingenious, but cannot be clearly described to those who have not seen them. On each side of the vessel are driven upon their ends into the sand, until they reach the solid rock, a number of large logs of timber, in an inclined position. Near the top of two of these logs is to be a box or case filled with sand, weighing about 50 tons. Upon the top of each log is a sheave of iron, in a groove in which runs a rope which communicates with the boxes and with the vessel. The boxes are supported by large chain cables, and their object is to raise the vessel, for according to the principles of mechanism, as they sink the ship rises. There are to be 20 of these boxes, ten on each side of the vessel. Eight of them are at present in the position intended for them, and in progress of being filled; the rest will soon be completed. The greater number will be placed towards the ship's bow, where she is deeper in the sand, nearly to the depth of four feet two inches, and fewer towards the stern, where she is not so deep. The ship had been sunk seven feet, but by means of lightening, that is, pumping out the water, and placing stones underneath, she has been raised to the present position. She is now perfectly water-tight. Mr. Bremmer, the eminent engineer, is constantly on board, superintending the operations. All is expected to be ready for the final effort by the end of this month. A government steamer is expected to be present on that occasion, lending her assistance.

**Dramatic Genius.**—There is nothing so rare, perhaps, as dramatic genius, and as for originality we scarcely find such a thing now. A sublime thinker, who sees poetry in philosophy, and who can turn all things to account, may become a great dramatist; but a mere poet never can, any more than a mere philosopher. The dramatic poets of the Elizabethan era were all profound thinkers, they searched the recesses of the human heart "and measured the depth of human intellect" with wonderful precision and accuracy, not having recourse to antique models (for indeed for the most part they had little knowledge of them) but studying nature as it comes fresh from the hands of God, and the startling knowledge which they often display in the workings of conscience would almost make us believe they could see into the soul, as if it were a mirror. Let any man read "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth," with attention, and he will find himself pourtrayed there. These are no copies, these are no imitations; their stupendous power, their delicate poetry, their starry flights of imagination, leave all other tragedies behind them. Sophocles may equal them in pathos, Æschylus in grandeur, Massinger in passion, and so on, but the celebrated panegyric of Dryden, on Milton, would apply to our sublime bard: in all these he was unsurpassed. But gazing up to the immeasurable altitudes of these matchless efforts of human genius, eagles with inferior wing, though they burn to emulate the king of dramatists, and kindle with a transmitted inspiration from him—do not seek it where he did.

**A Mother's Influence.**—A mother teaching her child to pray is an object at once the most sublime and tender that the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companions of our earthly pilgrimage, through whose ministration we are incited to good and restrained from evil. The image of the mother becomes associated in his infant mind with the invocation she taught him to his "Father who is in heaven." When the seductions of the world assail his youthful mind, that well-remembered prayer to his "Father who is in heaven," will strengthen him to resist evil. When in riper years he mingles with mankind and encounters fraud under the mask of honesty; when he sees confiding goodness betrayed, generosity ridiculed as weakness, unbridled hatred, and the coldness of interested friendship, he may indeed be tempted to despise his fellow-men, but he will remember his "Father who is in heaven." Should he, on the contrary, abandon himself to the world, and allow the seeds of self-love to spring up and flourish in his heart, he will, notwithstanding, sometimes hear a warning voice in the depths of his soul, severely tender as those maternal lips which instructed him to pray to his "Father who is in heaven." But when the trials of life are over, and he may be extended on the bed of death, with no other consolation than the peace of an approving conscience, he will recall the scenes of his infancy, the image of his mother, and with tranquil confidence will resign his soul to his "Father who is in heaven."

**Liberty of the Present Pope.**—We read in the "Mondo Illustrato," of Rome: "A wealthy nobleman desired to constitute one of his two sons his universal legatee, on condition that he would make a sacrifice of part of his property to the church. The two sons, knowing that the father was very eccentric, determined, whatever he might make, to divide his fortune between them. Irritated at this, the father made a secret will, by which he left a very small sum indeed to his two sons, and the bulk of his property to the priest who should happen to say the first mass in the church in which his funeral was to take place. This will he deposited with a notary. On his death, which took place shortly after, the notary opened the will, and, struck by its singularity, took it to the Pope. It was late at night that his Holiness became acquainted with it, but before daylight next morning he hastened to the church at which the funeral ceremony was to take place, caused the doors to be opened by stating who he was, and celebrated the sacrifice of the mass before any priest had arrived. He thus became legally entitled to the property of the deceased, and immediately made it all over to the two sons."

**The Port of Southampton.**—Mr. Cunard has just visited Southampton for the purpose of inspecting its capabilities for receiving the lines of packets running between Liverpool and America, of which he is the principal proprietor. The examination has been perfectly satisfactory to him, and it is seriously contemplated to remove the American mail packet station from Liverpool to Southampton. Cunard's steamers now run twice a month between Liverpool and Boston, but arrangements are making which will enable them to run weekly. If Southampton should become the packet station, and New York the American port for embarking and landing the mails, instead of Boston, as by that line a speedier communication could be established between this country and America, several thousands sterling a year would be saved in the dock and harbor dues alone, when comparing those of Southampton and Liverpool.—*Hants Adr.*

**The Arctic Expedition.**—Mr. C. R. Wold, a connexion of Sir J. Franklin, states that all the alarm which has been created respecting the Arctic adventures is groundless. "Sir John," he says, "was provisioned for the summer of 1848, and when he sailed no one contemplated hearing from him earlier than October or November, 1847, unless some unforeseen accident should compel

his earlier return. If he succeeded in passing Behring's Straits at the end of August, or in September or October, 1847, we shall not learn his success earlier than January or February, 1848. There is, therefore, no cause as yet for flying to his rescue. His absence has not yet equalled that of Sir E. Parry on his second voyage; and there does not, in fact, exist at the present moment more reason for apprehension than there was when the expedition sailed. The not having heard from Sir John is to be looked upon as more an earnest of success than of failure."

**The Bishop of Cork.**—We learn from Cork that the Pope has passed over Father Matthew, and appointed Father Delaney, of Bandon, to the Roman Catholic Bishopric of Cork. The cause of this unusual proceeding cannot be defined at present.

#### CHIVALROUS CONDUCT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

I have had to record, of late, so many examples of the degrading corruption which exists in the French Government, that it is absolutely refreshing to find in my note-book an instance of noble honor, which would have been applauded in the most unsullied days of chivalry. Some months since the Marquis de Pastoret was summoned to Venice, by Henri V., on business relating to the fallen dynasty he so loyally clings to, and fearing that his hotel might be searched by the police, during his absence, entrusted a box containing his most important papers to the Countess de Guerin, who passed for one of the most staunch royalists in the faubourg St. Germain. Returning last week, he lost no time in reclaiming this precious deposit.

"My dear Marquis," said the Countess, with a downcast air, "you know that I am unfortunate. The revolution of 1830 ruined me, and I cannot resist the first opportunity of re-establishing my position in society that has offered itself; and I must demand from you 60,000 francs for your box of papers, so compromising to yourself and friends!"

The Marquis, though indignant, behaved as a gentleman should do.

"Madame," he replied, "your conduct is unqualifiable, but my blind confidence is more so—and I must pay for my faults. I have not, as you may expect, the money in my pocket, but will send my secretary with it to-morrow. Adieu!"

No sooner had he left the room than the Countess thought she might have extorted a larger sum, and with that rapidity of action which accompanies crime, started for the *Prefecture de Police*, carrying with her the box of papers. Declaring that she had a communication of high importance to make, M. Delessert received her at once, and after informing him that she had papers so valuable that the Marquis de Pastoret had offered 80,000 francs for them, she declared her willingness to sell them to Government for 100,000.

"It is an important affair," said M. Delessert, "and I dislike acting on my own responsibility. The King is at the Tuilleries this morning, and we will go to him at once."

This the Countess did not exactly like, but there was no alternative, and in half an hour she was stammering out her treacherous offer to Louis Philippe.

"100,000 francs is a good deal of money to pay," said the King, "Especially as you retain possession of the papers and I cannot judge of their value."

"But here is the box containing them," answered the Countess, handing it over at the same time.

The King took it, stepped to the door, and gave it, unopened, to an aid-de-camp, saying:—

"Take this box to the Marquis de Pastoret, and tell him that Louis Philippe is happy to be able to serve him."

Then turning to the trembling Countess, he continued:—

"As for you, Madame, I advise you to remember, that 'honesty is the best policy,'" and left the room, while the conscience stricken woman slunk out of the place like a sheep-stealing dog.—*Cor. Boston Atlas.*

**"For the Last Time."**—A notion prevails, very extensively, as we judge from reading the newspapers, that drowning persons never rise to the surface more than twice—or in other words, that if a person falls into the water his third time of sinking is sure to be the last, and fatal. In almost every published account of rescue from drowning, it is mentioned that the man or boy was sinking "for the last time" when the timely aid arrived. We apprehend that this is altogether an idle notion, and the belief in it may possibly work mischief by inducing suspension of effort to rescue. There is no magic in number three—no inscrutable and inevitable reason why a drowning person may not come to the surface half a dozen times and sink as often. It is possible enough that in ordinary cases the strength and vitality of the sufferer may be so exhausted by three sinkings as to make another rising impracticable, but even of this there is no specific evidence. We have known persons to be drowned without rising even once to the surface; and inferior animals we have seen go down and come up again many times before life was extinct. N. Y. Commercial.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bell to her companion, Mrs. Popplestone, as they walked past the excavation for the water works in Washington Street, yesterday morning—"can you tell me what them holes is for?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. P. "They are for the anecdote to bring water from Lake Cochineal. The limping alimint will Leander through these iron cubes, and irritate all the circumjacent benefices. They'll have hydras at the corners of all the streets, and probably a *jelly dough* upon the Common, for it is a law of hieroglyphics that water always descends up to the level of its source, this here fountain must rise as high as that 'ere lake. I shall be very glad when the water gets here, for I am as fond of abolutions as a musselman, as I darn't wash my feet in Jamaiky water on account of the dirt of the heels."

#### POSTSCRIPT!

##### IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Telegraphic Despatch, No. 1.

PHILADELPHIA, July 30, 1847.

Advices from Vera Cruz, are to the 18th inst.

They mention the departure of Gen. Pierce with 2500 men. He had a battle near National Bridge with 4000 Mexicans, and defeated them. The Mexicans lost about 150. General Pierce returned to Vera Cruz for reinforcements.

Telegraphic Despatch, No. 2.

PHILADELPHIA, July, 30, 1847.

Gen. Scott was still at Puebla.

General's Caldwell and Pillow were at Perote. They defeated the Mex-

cans at Lahoga. We learn of the appointment of two Commissioners by the Mexican government, to confer with Trist. Santa Anna is supposed to favor peace.

Col. De Russey was attacked by 1200 Mexicans at Huequetla. He was surrounded, and placed in great peril, but he cut his way through the enemy's lines, with the loss of 20 killed and 10 wounded.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP WASPINGTON.

This vessel left Southampton for New York, on July 10th, at 3 P.M., but before she reached the Needles, it was found that the furnace bars were partially destroyed. They were, however, replaced with new ones which in turn became affected; and it became evident that it would be unsafe to continue the voyage. She accordingly put back to Southampton, where she arrived at half-past 3, P.M., on Sunday, the 11th.

She left again on Thursday, the 15th, and arrived here after a passage of fourteen days and a few hours.

We proceed to give a synopsis of her news.

It is stated that France is secretly concentrating forces on the frontiers of Spain, for some unexplained purpose. Intrigues are actively going on at Madrid.

The Dublin and provincial journals continue to express their astonishment at the declaration of Lord Russell respecting the Irish potatoe crop, and deny its correctness. The young potatoes which have appeared in the market are of good flavor, mealy and sound.

The French capital continues occupied in the trials arising out of the late ministerial disclosures, and the opinion especially amongst the enemies of M. Guizot, has gained ground that sufficient evidence will be adduced to accriminate M. Teste, and his confederate, M. Pellapra, one of the accused, has absconded from Paris, and this throws additional suspicion over the case; the friends of M. Teste are, however, confident of his honourable acquittal. General Bedeau, hitherto Governor of Constantine, in Algeria, is appointed Governor-General, *ad interim* of the colony. The last accounts now state that the government hope to postpone the necessity of a lean until next session.

The quarterly revenue returns of Great Britain are highly satisfactory, considering the general derangement of trade during the last three months, and the greatly diminished employment in our main branches of manufacturing industry.

The decreased consumption of cotton wool, amounting to 10,000 bales weekly, has, however, been compensated, when viewed with regard to the amount of labour employed in its manufacture, by the additional occupation afforded by the railways now in progress. Indeed, with the exception of a slight decrease in the Customs of £4272 on the quarter, there is a comparative increase on the total revenue for the year of no less than £1,004,026. All the permanent sources of revenue exhibit a favourable increase.

The amount arising from reduced sugar duties furnishes the most satisfactory proofs of the fiscal advantages of low duties. Indeed it is mainly from this source that the increase on the year is derived. The sum expended on railways, which amount to nearly £200,000 during the last six months, and the vast amounts of money which has been advanced to the Irish people, a large portion of which has been expended on commodities, which being subject to customs or excise duties, return to the coffers of the state, fully account for the general favorable appearance of the revenue.

The second reading of the Navigation Bill having been consented to in the House of Commons without a division, the Navigation Laws may be considered virtually suspended, until March, 1848.

In the church, near his seat of Fernhill, where repose the remains of the late Lord Metcalfe, a tablet has been erected, and inscribed with a suitable epitaph, from the pen of the Hon. Thomas B. Macaulay. As a mere piece of composition, it is worthy alike of the subject and of the author. And it may teach his detractors in what estimation he was held by that great Whig party, ever the asserters of public right, and the authors of the British Constitution in its present form.

Near this Stone is laid  
CHARLES THEOPHILUS, first and last Lord  
METCALFE,  
A Statesman tried in many high posts and difficult  
conjunctures,  
And found equal to all;  
The three greatest dependencies of the British  
Crown  
Were successively entrusted to his care.  
In India his fortitude, his Wisdom, his Probity  
and his Moderation,  
Are held in Honourable Remembrance  
By men of many Races, Languages and Religions;  
In Jamaica, still convulsed by a Social  
Revolution,  
He calmed the Evil Passions  
Which Long Suffering had engendered in one class,  
And Long Domination in another;  
In Canada, not yet recovered from the calamities  
of Civil War,  
He reconciled contending Factions  
To each other, and to the Mother Country.  
Public Esteem was the just reward of his Public  
Virtue,  
But those only who enjoyed the Privilege of  
his Friendship  
Could appreciate the whole worth of his Gentle  
and Noble Nature.  
Costly Monuments in Asiatic and American  
Cities  
Attest the Gratitude of Nations which he Ruled.  
This Tablet records the Sorrow and pride  
With which his Memory is cherished by  
Private Affection.

He was Born the 30th day of January, 1785.  
He died the 5th day of September, 1846

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 6 a 6½ per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31. 1847.

The more we hear from correspondents and the closer we examine the most recent journals, the more we are convinced that the calamity of famine is, for the present, over, that the scourge is, for the present, taken away; and people are bound, whilst they kiss the rod, to do their best to know how to avoid a similar evil in future, as well as to keep from them, if possible such another visitation. Bread stuffs have sunk in price at, we may almost say, a wonderful rate, and there is nothing either said or heard of that gives not authority for that wonderful rate of decrease, or that gives not hope of permanent much better times. But what would have been the fate of more sections than one, had the laws continued in force, which the obstructives endeavoured? Let them be thankful, for we sincerely believe that there are conscientious persons among them, that there were wiser heads in the legislation of the land than their own, and now that the consequence is over, let them and all others be thankful that there was such a man as Sir Robert Peel at the head of affairs. A man who was not only conscious of matters that might take place, but who also had courage to face them, even though opponents might root him up from his place, and might try, but we think ineffectually, to render him an outcast from the public good. They cannot, in their sentence of temporary expulsion, add "and his place shall know him no more," for his value is now more truly known than ever, and should a change in the ministry be found necessary, we shall not be surprised at his taking office even with those who have until lately been rather the political opponents than friends of the late minister. Even a coalition with him may be made, and beneficially, for he is not one who in the business of party is either a risker of wealth or of honour. Of the former there is enough both of his own and in his family; of the latter it will always be honour enough that he is a Peel, and we would hope that neither he nor his sovereign will allow the extermination of that name, even in one more dignified in general estimation.

It is to be presumed that no situation will be offered to him nor that he would be induced to accept one that would not give him a field in which he could be useful to the public and of mighty importance in itself; but such a place being ascertained, we are sure that Sir Robt. Peel is well enough recovered in physical health and strength to accept it, patriotic enough to perform in such the manifold services which may yet fall in the way of his experience and approval, and numerous and large enough to add yet to the elevated character which he has well and deservedly won. If there is anything to prevent such a consummation as that of Lord John Russell and Sir Robt. Peel rowing in the same boat, it is that quality of human feeling which is more or less the lot of all, and in the case before us, of either of those who hitherto has been "a master in Israel" from acting as the second of the other and rival premiership. But should the case occur—and it will occur ere long—that a proper position should be opened, both these noble politicians have been brought forward in the school of "things as they are," they have both been working as patriots in the land, they have, as it were, instinctively a respect for each other, and we are strongly tempted to the belief, so much in need of acting in conjunction, that there would be an exception to the common consequence of political coalition and the country would derive benefit from their joint labours, whilst it would still further tend to put down the mischief of party name, and things would be done according to circumstances.

We are not a little pleased to see that even in Canada, when the principle of open trade was most deprecated, a member of the once conservative school, has introduced as follows—

"Mr. Sherwood has introduced an address into the house, praying Her Majesty to sanction the free navigation of the St. Lawrence, by all nations, and that, to that end, she will be further graciously pleased to recommend to the Imperial Parliament to repeal the Navigation Laws as far as they relate to or affect this colony."

Now this is truly and effectually laughing to scorn the alarm pretended to be felt concerning the Navigation Laws, who really knew no more of them and their effect than that they had been devised and put in force by our barbarous ancestors, and that they were intended by such to be sacred and forever; not knowing, nor wise enough to imagine that the time might ever arrive when such laws were antagonist to the public state of things, and that the removal of them would be one advance to a more refined position.

The accounts from Montreal and from Canada East show a great of interest and humanity in erecting emigrant sheds to succour the great arrivals of emigrant sick, who come about this period from Ireland, and show that the daily mortality is about 30. It is lamentable that such sickness should prevail but it is a natural consequence of the evils with which Ireland has, of late been visited, and we are not quite satisfied that it should be called "Ship Fever," for much of those who suffer by it were of poverty extreme, and were sick of starvation, ere they eagerly embarked; and the additional evil has been the consequence of their bad provision for the voyage they were about to undertake, and the evil carelessness that is incident in the agents, the captains, and others who had charge of their first change of position. But the evil is one which was foreseen by the world at large; and there are many thousands who would give, by adding their names to the list, to a distressed nation, who will not give to a distressed people, and where their names will not figure as givers to a public charity. These people want comforts; these are their medicine,

and the givers of these are the most efficacious physicians. There have many thousands arrived at New York since spring, but the greater portions of these that *could* move since, have been persuaded to get farther to the westward where a cure for their sickness is found in better air, plenty of work, ample reward for the same, of consequence better and more food, and the rapid removal of their complaints.

We perceive that all parties are agreed that General Taylor is to be the next President of the United States, but each party is desirous to reconcile the fact with the party principle. The Union is desirous to prove him a veritable Locofoco, the Courier and Enquirer a non-committal, non-party Whig. The leaders of the press on all sides, address him, and try to get answers from him, which they will understand and explain as it pleases them, whilst he, poor victim, at length ceases to write answers, and says to his more intimate friends and advisers, "You are right, I will write no more letters." This is preparatory to his being set up, like an English cock formerly on a Shrove Tuesday, to be thrown at with missiles during his appointed time, and have no way either of helping himself, or of avoiding the blow of the assailant.

We wait for later news by the Washington steamer. This is the first time we have ventured to animadvert upon that vessel, because we could not go on in the crowd that *extravagantly* praised her, and we neither wished nor had occasion to say a word against her expected speed and safety. But it is an usual consequence of prophets, an extraordinary praise, that the persons who use it, are put to various excuses to keep up the consistency of their nonsense. The Washington made a very good voyage outwards, very good indeed, when we consider that it was her first, and that she was hastily put afloat, and we do not now wonder that her commander and all who feel interested in her character and safety should overhaul her well, and devise every means which their wisdom may suggest, that her return voyage may be good and speedy. We doubt not she will arrive in reasonable time; in the meanwhile we would suggest that the reduction of five hours is to be *subtracted* from apparent time when the vessel comes west, and *added* to apparent time, when going east.

We have seen with some amusement, but with more surprise a tirade in a morning contemporary against liberal trading, and this from no better a cause than that hay is too cheap in the market, and that the greatest expense of bringing it there is that of conveyance. Surely the thing tells itself—too much hay is grown, the farmers should better occupy the ground of their farms, the supply is greater than the demand, no one will pay dear when they can be supplied cheap, and no reasonable person will buy at all what he does not want and see no means of using. This evil of hay-price will cure itself; and we really do not expect to hear the farmer cry, "You must use a certain quantity of hay per annum, and I cultivate accordingly. You must pay me so much per ton for it, or it will not pay me for raising it." The thing is preposterous; if the farmer has grown too much, or has a very plentiful crop, let him keep his stocks secure, let him salt his hay, or take some other means of keeping it in good order, till there be a greater demand for the article, and then send it to market; in the meantime let him be guided by the past, and not run such a risk of having undemanded stock on his hands next year; and as for—but do not complain of—the public who really do not want it, and what they do buy they obtain as cheap as they can, and it is not a difficult matter. This surely is not a proof of the injury done to the community by free trade.

We do most heartily wish that something practical were done by the Army under General Scott now; for the sun is past the summer solstice, and in those low latitudes it must be getting very hot and very unwholesome to the native of more moderate regions. The French Army in Egypt half a century ago, and more latterly the English Army in India, were not suffering near so much as the United States Army now in Mexico; therefore, leaving policy and fighting out of the question, or, at any rate, mere secondary matters, the thing is now to consider the position of the men themselves, and to hope that they will speedily be out of the field and into quarters, for the present is more than the best disciplined can bear, however fervent their zeal and honor, and however great their determination to go through all extremes of climate, etc. The climate itself is fighting against them, and physical opposition is never effective against that, however brave and magnanimous they be, and we are ready to give them every praise for those qualities.

The English papers are all of one conclusion, that the coming general election will be a comparatively quiet one, and that there will be very slight, if any, point of material struggle at the hustings. We cannot help differing from this, and think that education, free trade, the abandonment of a large share of the navigation laws, and several subjects connected with these, will occupy the electors a good deal this time, and that the trammels of barbarous policy being broken, much will be done in going forward, without any prejudice to the favorite dogma of Church and State Union, and which we should be truly sorry to find agitated at all.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

By the latest determination, we perceive that the opera is to be revived in New York so early as next Monday, the 2d August. The preparation for such a purpose is very strong, and there may be a good reason for opening the campaign so early; but we confess that the past does not give very good assurance of the future, and however we may be sorry should not success follow the endeavour, we shall not be surprised, even though good names are attached to the list of the operatic strength. Mrs. Bishop has been long cele-

brated in the world of song, and, by all accounts, has achieved universal applause wherever she has had engagements in which her superiority has had time to manifest itself. Mrs. Bailey is a favorite here of long standing, and she has improved in powers and refinement to such a degree that we were struck by the alteration, when we heard her at Baltimore about the close of last year. Mr. Frazer has been a public favorite in America ever since he arrived in it, and although he has not yet been admired by us without qualification, yet there is no denying that he is a tenor singer above mediocrity of quality, and that in general opera he is useful and pleasing in an extraordinary degree. We speak only what we think he is entitled to, when we say that his singing is more true—more musical, and more to our taste than the tenors who have of late commanded so much attention here. And, lastly, we have Mr. Brough, who has been long among us, who sings many things well, has a very good quality of voice, and who has done himself less service than he might have done, by halting between two positions; being sometimes a commercial man, sometimes a vocalist, but always tending towards the latter, but never practising and sticking to it, as a vocalist finds it necessary to do. We have no doubt that now, having made up his mind to vocalism only, he will study to do his best, and he can do well, and will hereafter be a good basso cantante. He is, however, the principal manager in this adventure, and the agent of Mrs. Bishop; and we cannot help wondering at his shrewdness, being, in our estimation, much at fault in commencing opera in New York in the beginning of August—a period at which the powers of the singers is very much tried—but that is *their* concern, and some of them say they can sing but under the circumstances of warm weather; and also when the opulent portions of the New York families have sped away either to country residences, to fashionable watering places, or anywhere but a hot and sultry city. It is true this is the period in which many from the South and from wherever else there is not business doing, change their residence by coming to New York, and are ready to commence the fall marketings at the very first moment. But such persons are not those who sit three or four hours, in summer evenings, to hear an opera in warm theatres, but prefer an operetta, a vaudeville, or any amusement which is over in a comparatively short time, and after which they can go and get refreshment, without being at the trouble of coming back. This, at least, has been the case hitherto, and if the new operatic strength can get the better of it, there will be a victory won, which will be owing, then, to superiority in taste and skill.

We hear, however, of considerable spirit, speculation and energy on the part of the management this ensuing season, and we are thereby led to expect something that will revive the drama and the condition of the metropolitan theatre this winter. We hope it may be so, but are unwilling either to inquire the secrets, or to press confidence in these particulars; so long as we are uninterrupted in our own independent course of speaking as we find and think, and reporting as we believe aright, clear of any clique or party.

*Festival Concerts.*—We perceive by the English papers, that Spohr is in London, and intends to preside at a few of his own principal sacred compositions. The presence of a master hand is of such importance, both in the public performance, and in the guidance and direction of the genuine taste in music, as well as in other fine arts. We are glad that at such a juncture the indefatigable U.C. Hill is there, as he will be present, doubtless, at the performances, and he has long had an idea of trying to get over to the United States, such a conductor as either Spohr or Mendelssohn, in order to give a festival, which might put music on a right basis here, and which in its consequences might give a fillip to the funds which have been long so faithfully, so judiciously, and so gradually augmenting for the purpose of aiding music here, and that Mr. Hill will avail himself of all the aid and influence in his power in this visit to Europe to induce a sufficiently important set of men to come over here, to assist at such a festival. We see in the mean time a projected festival advertised, got up by the free-spirited Mr. Meigs, under the management and direction of Mr. G. Loder, for this kind of purpose, and we are disposed to think highly of both these speculators, that is, of Messrs. Meigs's and Loder's festival 'this' year, and the possible one of next year about the season period of the year, conducted by a master of high eminence, led by a violinist of established character, the orchestra, both vocal and instrumental, well filled by artists of distinction, and at prices and under circumstances, when the subscription shall be liberal and give the largest amount of gratification; when strangers shall be here from all parts of the country, and when every thing shall tend to the utmost notoriety. We do not expect that this speculation of Mr. Meigs's will be of the utmost celebrity, and of the most unexceptionable quality, nor do we believe that he has so high an expectation himself, but we think very highly of it, as a fore-runner of the "great" festival, and very much we wish it may succeed.

The astonishing Ravels have taken Palmo's for a short season, after which it is their intention to leave America forever. They are the most extraordinary family that ever came into this country, and they will be missed and remembered long after they shall have taken a final farewell of it. They will make a most fortunate season of it, and we should not be surprised that they make it longer than they now anticipate. Certain it is, that their entertainments have the quality which most others have not,—they are short and amusing, and do not keep up the attention too long at once. They propose to open here about the 16th inst.

*Bowery Theatre.*—Miss Turnbull has been attracting attention at this house in the gorgeous spectacle of the Naid Queen. It has been revived, and proves, under the auspices the fair *danseuse*, very acceptable.

## Literary Notices.

*Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey.*—By Joseph Cottle. New York Wiley and Putnam.—This is a most important as well as interesting book, for the subjects of it, although they had the once contemptuously used term of "lake poets," used towards them, have outgrown that factious title, and have proved themselves giants in literature, in morals, in poetry, and have on all subjects been the guides and the patterns of more than one generation. They have been found "honest" as well as "will" ever, and their reminiscences, put forth by a long and familiar friend, cannot be read without benefitting both the heart and the understanding. That this will largely be read is already proved by the avidity with which this book is seized by thousands, and that there is good in the reading we can assure the public, by the frequent and frank honest language which is there contained. The subject of this book will well deserve to be taken up at greater detail hereafter.

*Leigh Hunt's New Work.*—We have just received, from Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the publishers, a copy of Leigh Hunt's new volumes, entitled "Men, Women, and Books;" they contain a choice selection of the author's fugitive pieces, and range over a series of subjects as dissimilar in kind as they are attractive, all possessing a certain uniformity in the poetic spirit and refined taste with which they appear to be clothed.

Says a London critic,—

"There is much variety and agreeable lore of all kinds in these volumes—a soul of reflection, brilliant animal spirits, and a cheerful philosophy. The subjects embrace almost every topic of a pleasurable and refining kind.

Such a melange at this season, for "light reading," must prove exceedingly acceptable, apart from the fame of the writer; therefore these volumes will undoubtedly become popular. A finely engraved portrait accompanies the work.

*James's Russell, A Falc of the Reign of Charles II.*—Harper and Brothers publish simultaneously with the English edition, this new historical romance by Mr. James: which it is unnecessary we should descant upon, as every person who has any taste for such works, will, without any advice from us, purchase.

*Louis XIV., and the Court of France.*—Part second of this remarkable production, from the pen of Miss Pardoe, has also just appeared from the press of the Messrs. Harper; it is beautifully illustrated by engravings of Palaces, Prisons, and other scenes referred to in the text. We stated last week that this romance possessed the combined attractions and value of history, with the highest order of dramatic embellishments. If any one has any doubt, we advise them to examine a few pages.

Says the London critic;—

She possesses an instinctive perception of the kind of information most pleasing to the general reader; and her style is admirably adapted to narrative of this kind—fluent, lively, graphic, carrying, almost hurrying, the reader onward, from page to page, and from chapter to chapter: and even after he has perused the thirteen thousand pages of which the work consists, he lays it down, regretting that there was not at least one more volume of such amusing reading.

The same firm also issue a new and cheap edition of *Henri Quatre or the Days of the League.*—This is an ably written historical novel, by Mancur, the author of "Palais Royal" and the works of its class. It is published in 2 vols, paper covers, 25 cents each; and would answer for an hour's amusement, if not profit, at a cheap rate.

## Cricketers' Chronicle.

## THE GENTLEMEN OF KENT AND ENGLAND.

This annual match commenced at Lord's on Monday last. England won the toss, and went in first, the Hon. R. Grimston and Mr. Haygarth taking their stations at the wickets, and Messrs. A. Mynn and A. Harenc bowling. Mr. Grimston at the second ball scored one from Mr. Mynn, and Mr. Haygarth also obtained a single. Mr. Harenc began his over with a wide ball, and both obtained a run each from him. Mr. Mynn's next was a maiden over, and then Mr. Haygarth obtained two to the leg from Mr. A. Harenc, following it up with a three, and he then drove a ball from Mr. A. Mynn forward for three more [cheers]. Mr. Grimston afterwards made a cut in the slip for three, Mr. Haygarth two to the leg, and Mr. Grimston having also obtained a couple by a similar hit, that gentleman drove Mr. Mynn to the off for three, and then made a cut for two, for which admirable play he was much applauded. Mr. Haygarth then drew a ball from Mr. Mynn to the leg for two, and the game was going on rapidly. At this time Mr. Grimston made another splendid cut for three from Mr. Harenc, and a change in the bowling took place, Mr. Fredericks going on at Mr. Harenc's end, the first ball being wide. Mr. Grimston having added a two to the off, was soon after caught in the slip by Mr. C. Harenc, from Mr. Mynn, his score amounting to 19, in which there were three threes and two twos; one wicket down for 44 runs. Captain Loutour was bowled the first ball by Mr. Mynn, making way for Mr. Nicholson, who began with a cut in the slip for three from Mr. Fredericks, then two to the leg from Mr. Mynn, and following it with a four was loudly cheered. Mr. Harenc took up the bowling again. Mr. Haygarth played steadily, scoring ones and twos, and Mr. Nicholson rapidly obtained runs until he got his leg before his wicket from Mr. Mynn, after marking 29, consisting of two fours, three threes, four twos, and singles; three wickets down and 57 runs. Mr. Pell joined Mr. Haygarth, and began with a one, and afterwards added four twos to the score in quick succession. Mr. Haygarth still obtained single runs, but Mr. Pell was not satisfied without getting twos and threes at almost every ball, and he scored 24 in a quarter of an hour; he was then caught by the long stop (Mr. W. Mynn) from Mr. Harenc, having made two threes, six twos, and the rest singles; four wickets down and 118 runs. Mr. King came next, and led off with a two the first ball. Mr. Haygarth now scored a three, and after making a hit for two dinner was announced.

On resuming play Mr. King began with a one, and Mr. Haygarth a three; but the latter was soon after bowled by Mr. A. Harenc, his score amounting to 57 runs, obtained in a very steady manner, and consisting of six threes, nine twos, and nineteen singles; five wickets down and 147 runs. Mr. Kynaston, who succeeded to the vacancy, was bowled the second ball by Mr. A. Harenc, without scoring. Mr. Fellows then became the companion of Mr. King; the latter made a two to the leg from Mr. Mynn by a splendid hit, but the ball was well fielded. Mr. Fellows commenced with a two from Mr. Harenc, and followed it up for two more, then drove Mr. Mynn forward for three [cheers]. Mr. King made another fine hit for four, but afterwards drew the ball into his wicket, leaving 23 on the score by one four, six twos, and the rest singles; seven wickets down and 167 runs. Sir F. Bathurst having been disposed of without troubling the scorers, Mr. Townley brought in his bat, got his leg before his wicket the first ball from Mr. Mynn. Mr. Yonge was the last, and he began with a single the first ball; he soon made another, and Mr. Fellows obtained a two. Mr. Yonge followed suit, when Mr. Mynn gave him notice to quit, Mr. Fellows bringing out his bat with 17 to his name, made by two threes, four twos, and singles; the innings amounted to 181 runs. Kent sent in the two Messrs. Mynn, Sir F. Bathurst and Mr. Yonge bowling. Sir Frederick bowled the first over to Mr. A. Mynn, without a run being scored. Mr. W. Mynn set off with a three in the slip from Mr. Yonge, but in the next over he was caught by Mr. Nicholson, the wicket keeper; one wicket down and three runs. On Mr. E. Banks appearing, Mr. A. Mynn scored a single, and being lame, had Mr. Bayley to run for him. Mr. Banks commenced with a single, Mr. A. Mynn made two twos following, Mr. Banks drove Sir Frederick forward for one. Mr. A. Mynn sent Sir Frederick away for four [cheers], and after Mr. Banks had made five singles he run out, the ball being beautifully thrown in by Mr. Pell; two wickets down and 22 runs. Mr. Felix came next, played the ball against his leg, and from thence it glided into the wicket before he had an opportunity of scoring. Mr. Bayley then went to the wicket, and Mr. Whittaker ran for Mr. A. Mynn. The game progressed rapidly, Mr. Mynn driving Mr. Yonge forward for three, and then Sir Frederick for five. Mr. Bayley began with a two, and Mr. Mynn scoring two threes following, Capt. Loutour took up the bowling at Mr. Yonge's end, Mr. A. Mynn, however, soon sent a ball from the captain away for five, and shortly after for five more [cheers]. Mr. Bayley made two fours in succession, and Sir Frederick changed ends with Mr. Yonge, but Mr. Bayley drew the ball at the leg for two, and ones and twos became the order of the day. At last Sir Frederick succeeded in lowering Mr. A. Mynn's timber, for a score of 54, rapidly obtained by three fives, a four, three threes, seven twos, and singles; four wickets down and 97 runs. Mr. C. Harenc led off with a one, and then marked a two, Mr. Bayley following suit. Single runs were added to the score for a short time, when Mr. Harenc made a splendid hit for four; Mr. Bayley drew the ball several times to the leg for ones and twos, no field-man being there. Mr. Bayley afterwards made five to the leg from Sir Frederick, and Mr. C. Harenc a three, which finished the first day's play, 134 runs having been scored for the loss of four wickets.

*Tuesday.*—Mr. C. Harenc made a run the first ball, from Sir Frederick, another the second ball, from Mr. Yonge, and then drove Sir Frederick forward for four [cheers]. Mr. Bayley made two by an overthrow, Mr. Harenc two to the off from Sir F. Mr. Bayley now hit his own wicket down from Mr. Yonge, after scoring 47 in admirable style, by one five, two fours, eight twos, and the rest singles; five wickets down for 150 runs. Mr. Edwards filled the vacancy, and commenced with a three from Sir Frederick; Mr. Harenc made a draw to the leg for two, and Mr. Edwards having obtained three more singles, Mr. King waited on him at the point, and caught him from Sir Frederick; six wickets down and 158 runs. Mr. Whittaker then appeared, and in the next over Mr. Yonge rattled down Mr. C. Harenc's stumps for a score of 24, in which were two fours, a three, and two twos. On Mr. Rashleigh appearing, Mr. Whittaker made a cut for two; Mr. Rashleigh led off with a one, and followed it up with a three, when Sir Frederick gave him notice to retire; eight wickets down and 167 runs. Mr. Frederick joined Mr. Whittaker, and commenced with a one, but was shortly after bowled by Sir Frederick; Mr. Whittaker, in the meantime, had marked three singles, which made the score 171, and nine wickets down.

A great many bets were now made as to which would get the most runs in the first innings, there being ten more runs to rub off. Mr. A. Harenc was the last to join his brother, and several balls were bowled, but not any runs obtained; at length Mr. A. Harenc scored a single, and two byes were obtained. Mr. C. Harenc then made a beautiful cut in the slip from Sir Frederick for four, and he soon made three more nearly in the same place. Mr. A. Harenc scored another single, when Sir Frederick slipped a ball into his wicket; Mr. C. Harenc bringing out his bat, having obtained a four, a three, a two, and three singles, making 13, the innings amounting to 183, leaving Kent in a majority of 2 runs. England's second innings was commenced by the Hon. R. Grimston, and Mr. Fellows, Mr. A. Mynn and Mr. A. Harenc being the bowlers. The former bowled a maiden over. Mr. Fellows began with a single from Mr. A. Harenc, Mr. Grimston following suit; Mr. Fellows then scored a two to the off, and two to the leg, after which Mr. Grimston made a cut for three and three singles. The game progressed at a rapid rate, Mr. Grimston driving Mr. Mynn forward for four [cheers], and then scoring two in the slips, but was nearly run out. Mr. Fellows, after marking singles, drove a ball from Mr. A. Harenc for three, and made a splendid hit to the leg, but Mr. Banks was there, and returning the ball as quick as lightning, only one was scored for it. Caldecourt, the umpire, "noballed" Mr. Mynn, much to the chagrin of the Kent gentlemen, and Mr. C. Harenc took up the bowling, dinner being shortly after announced. After the repeat Mr. Grimston drove Mr. C. Harenc forward for two, and scored one in the slip. Mr. Fellows made another beautiful hit and scored two, and trying for the third he was run out, but he left 24 on the score, made by a three, six twos, and singles; one wicket down for 51 runs. Mr. Nicholson filled the vacancy, and led off with a two in the slip, Mr. Grimston following suit for two more. Mr. Nicholson made another two hit, when Mr. A. Harenc lowered his stumps; two wickets down and 61 runs. Mr. Pell came next, who was disabled in the previous day's play, and Mr. Nicholson ran for him; he only obtained one, when Mr. A. Mynn caught him from his own bowling; three wickets down and 63 runs. Mr. Haygarth came next, and scored one the first ball. Mr. Grimston drove Mr. A. Harenc forward for four [cheers], and then drove away a ball from Mr. Mynn for three, when he was caught by Mr. Felix at the point, from Mr. Mynn, for a score of 33, consisting of two fours, two threes, three twos, and singles; four wickets down, and 74 runs. Mr. King now took his station, and commenced with a two to the leg, rather high, but no one was

there. He then made a cut for two more, and again the game went on at a rapid rate, ones and twos being scored at almost every ball, as well as four byes. Mr. C. Harenc took up the bowling once more, but without success, and Mr. A. Mynn went on again, and lowered Mr. King's wicket for 34, obtained by a four, a three, eight twos, and singles; five wickets down for 133 runs. Mr. Kynaston was next in succession, and after scoring a two made a three hit [cheers]. Mr. Haygarth continued to mark ones, and Mr. Kynaston made a most splendid hit to the leg for five, and was applauded from all quarters. He added four more singles, when Mr. Fredericks took up the bowling, and felled his stumps; but he left on his score a five, a three, a two, and singles, amounting to 15; six wickets down and 166 runs. Capt. Loutour began with a three, and Mr. Haygarth drove Mr. Fredericks forward for three more. Captain Loutour now made a two, and soon followed it up with a hit for five [cheers]. After Captain Loutour had scored another three and a two, Mr. A. Harenc obliged him to quit his post for a score of 21, composed of a five, three threes, two twos, and three singles; seven wickets down and 198 runs. Mr. T. Townley came next, and having marked a three, Mr. Bayley, who had taken up the bowling, lowered his wicket; eight wickets down and 202 runs. Thus finished the second day's play.

**Wednesday.**—Mr. Yonge joined Mr. Haygarth, and Mr. Bayley bowled a wide ball, as did Mr. A. Harenc, the ground being slippery; three byes were also obtained. Mr. Yonge then drove Mr. Mynn forward for three, but in the next over Mr. A. Harenc gave Mr. Yonge notice to quit; nine wickets down and 212 runs. Sir F. Bathurst was the last, and he soon drove a ball from Mr. A. Harenc away for two, the next ball for four [cheers], and then one from Mr. Mynn, Mr. Haygarth following suit; Sir Frederick made two more, when Mr. Mynn gave him a shooter, which finished this innings, Mr. Haygarth bringing out his bat with 36 to his name, consisting of a three, two twos, and twenty-nine singles; the innings amounted to 225 runs. The second innings of Kent was commenced by Mr. W. Mynn, and Mr. Whittaker first, Sir F. Bathurst and Mr. Yonge bowling; one run was obtained the first over by Mr. W. Mynn, and in the next over he made another, following it for two more. Shortly after Mr. Whittaker ran out, which made way for Mr. Felix; one wicket down for four runs; Mr. Felix led off with a single the second ball, and then four byes were scored; Mr. Felix now obtained two to the off, and nearly gave a chance. Mr. W. Mynn drove Sir Frederick forward for four, but the next ball Mr. Yonge waited on him in the slip and caught him; two wickets down for 18 runs. Mr. A. Mynn became the coadjutor of Mr. Felix, and the latter marked one to the leg, and Mr. Mynn scored a two, when the rain came on and put a stop to the game. Play was not resumed until ten minutes before six o'clock, the ground being in a very bad state. After Sir Frederick had bowled a wide ball, Mr. Yonge waited on Mr. A. Mynn as he did Mr. W. Mynn, and caught him; three wickets down and 28 runs. Mr. Banks next appeared, when Mr. Felix made a beautiful cut for three, from Mr. Yonge; Mr. Banks began with a two; Mr. Felix drew a ball from Sir Frederick to the leg for three, and Mr. Banks made two more singles, when the ball hit his leg and glanced on to his wicket; four wickets 39 runs. Mr. Bayley then brought in his bat, and Mr. Felix made a four to the leg from Sir Frederick, Bayley a one, a two, and another single, when Mr. Yonge sent his stumps flying; five wickets down and 64 runs. Mr. Fredericks followed, and was bowled by Mr. Yonge without troubling the scorers, which made room for Mr. H. Harenc, who was also served in the like manner by the same bowler. Mr. Rashleigh came next, three more singles were obtained, when Mr. Felix gave a chance to Mr. Yonge, which was taken in a most splendid manner, when nearly on the ground Mr. C. Harenc and Mr. Edwards being absent, the match terminated, England winning by 156 runs. Score:—

## ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Hon. R. Grimston, c. C. Harenc,		c. Felix, b. Mynn	33
b. Mynn	19	not out	36
A. Haygarth, Esq., b. A. Harenc	57	b. A. Harenc	21
Capt. Loutour, b. Mynn	0		
W. Nicholson, Esq., leg b. w. b.			
Mynn	29	b. A. Harenc	4
O. C. Pell, Esq., c. W. Mynn, b.			
Mynn	24	c. and b. Mynn	1
R. King, Esq., b. A. Harenc	23	b. Mynn	34
R. Kynaston, Esq., b. A. Harenc	0	b. Fredericks	15
H. W. Fellows, not out	17	run out	24
Sir F. Bathurst, b. Mynn	0	b. Mynn	9
T. Townley, Esq., leg b. w. b.			
Mynn	0	b. Bayley	3
G. Yonge, Esq., b. Mynn	4	b. A. Harenc	4
		Byes	18
Byes	5	No balls	5
Wide balls	3	Wide balls	18
Total	181	Total	225

## KENT.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
A. Mynn, Esq., b. Sir F. Bathurst	54	c. Yonge, b. Bathurst	2
W. Mynn, Esq., c. Nicholson, b.			
Bathurst	3	c. Yonge, b. Bathurst	8
E. Banks, Esq., run out	5	b. Bathurst	4
N. Felix, Esq., b. Yonge	0	c. Yonge, b. Bathurst	33
E. H. Bayley, Esq., hit w. b.			
Yonge	41	b. Yonge	4
C. Harenc, Esq., b. Yonge	24	absent	0
E. Edwards, Esq., c. King, b. Bathurst	6	absent	0
C. G. Whittaker, Esq., not out	13	run out	0
C. E. Rashleigh, Esq., b. Bathurst	4	not out	0
F. Fredericks, Esq., b. Bathurst	1	b. Yonge	0
A. R. Harenc, Esq., b. Bathurst	2	b. Yonge	0
Byes	26	Byes	8
Wide balls	4	Wide balls	8
Total	183	Total	67

**Public and Private Education.**—It is an observation sanctioned by the almost unanimous testimony of those whose opinion is founded upon experience, that the vices of a public school are of a nature to be easily detected and to

be corrected by discipline; while those of private education creep into contentment, and frequently arrive at a remediless degree of maturity before they are discovered. The remark of the judicious Dr. Barrow on this head is at once striking and just. "The perpetual restraints under which the private pupil lives, and the constant presence of those much older than himself, do not suffer his propensities and passions to appear in their true colours, and frequently their course cannot be sufficiently regulated nor their excesses restrained. He does not grow open and ingenuous by unreserved communication with his equals, but artful and designing, by watching the sentiments of those more advanced in age, and the self-command which he appears to possess is often policy, not principle—hypocrisy, not virtue."

**COUNTING A BILLION.**—What is a billion? the reply is very simple—a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute; but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200, then an hour would produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; and a year, or 365 days (forever four years you may rest from counting, during leap year), 105,120,000. Let us suppose, now, that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he would require 9,512 years, 34 days, 5 hours, according to the above rule. Now supposing we were to allow the poor counter 12 hours, daily for rest, and eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,024 years, 69 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes!—American Literary Gazette.

An old, ragged, red-faced, forlorn looking Irish woman accosted us with, "Plaize sur for the luv ov heaven, give me a fip to buy bread wid. I am a poor lone woman, and have two young twins to support."

"Whv, my good woman," we replied, "you are too old to have young twins of your own."

"They are not mine, sur. I am only raisin' 'em."

"How old are your twins?"

"One of 'em is SEVEN WEEKS ould, and t'other is EIGHT MONTHS ould."

**Take 'em All.**—A few days ago at the rendezvous of Capt. Chase, in Cincinnati, a woman with a chubby child in her arms appeared and demanded a sight at the officer. Lieut. Goodloe presented himself. "So sir, you've clapped your dirty sojer trappings on my husband, have you?"

"Who is your husband, madam," demanded the lieutenant.

"Billy McMurtree, and a bowld boy he is, so please you. But it's a dirty thing of you, my pretty man, to take him from his wife and children."

"Can't help it now," said the lieutenant; "its too late now."

"Then take the baby, too," cried the woman, as she forced the child in the arms of Lieut. G. "Take 'em all, I'll send you four more to-day."

Off she ran at a rapid pace, leaving the unfortunate lieutenant with the new recruit squalling in his arms. Doubtful of its value to the service of Uncle Sam, he sent it home by the father.

## GRAND COTILLION EXCURSION TO VERPLANK'S POINT!!

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND OF COLUMBIA LODGE, No. 16, U. A. O. D. THE THIRD ANNUAL EXCURSION of the above Lodge will take place on TUESDAY, AUGUST 24th, 1847, on board the splendid steamer NORTH AMERICA, Capt. V. Truesdale, accompanied by a new, large, and commodious BARGE. The New York Brigade Brass Band, and two efficient Cotillion Bands, will accompany the Excursion.

Tickets, Fifty Cents each, (Children half price) may be obtained at this office, or from the following Committee of Arrangements:

ERASMUS A. KUTZ, Jr., 180 Water st.,	E. T. WARNER, Jamaica Hotel, South Brooklyn,
J. MEECH HENRY, 89 Hammond st.,	G. B. JEFFRIES, 57 Madison st.,
J. WHITEFIELD, Pavilion, Fort Lee,	E. E. JONES, 23 Cheesnut st.,
JOHN H. BATE, 166 and 168 Centre st.,	W. P. SMITH, 106 Columbia st.,
H. C. SCHULL, 141 Madison st.,	JOHN CAMPBELL, 33 Bayard st.
R. R. BATHURST, 154 Hammond st.,	

The Boat will leave the foot of Fifth street, East River, at 7 o'clock, A. M.; Delancey street, at 7 o'clock; Pike street, at 7 o'clock; Pier No. 1, North River, at 8 o'clock; Robinson street, at 8 o'clock; Canal street, at 9 o'clock; Hammond street, at 9 o'clock; Nineteenth street, at 9 o'clock. Should the weather prove unfavorable, the Excursion will be postponed to the first fair day. [July 31]

## CUMMINGS'

SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND PAINTING,

No. 591 Houston street, (adjoining St. Thomas' Church.)

Will re-open on Wednesday, the first of September.

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

In Rudimentary Drawing. Painting in Oil and Water Colours.

Drawing and Painting from the

ANTIQUARY CASTS AND LIVING MODELS. [July 24-6t]

SWIMMING BATH, DESBROSSES ST.; CROTON BATH, ASTOR HOUSE;

SWIMMING BATH, BATTERY.

The above Baths are now open. Water is a healthful stimulant; it at once makes clean and strong, and those who use it will recognise its excellent influence in freedom from physical weakness and mental depression. Physicians are unanimous in commending it as a purifying and health-promoting; and differing from their usual custom, as regards large doses, not only prescribe these Baths for their patients, but actually take them themselves. July 17.

## ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, DICTIONARIES, ETC.,

FOR SALE BY E. BALDWIN.

1. The Encyclopædia Britannica Edited by Prof. Napier. Seventh Edition. 21 vols. 4to., half Russia.
2. The Encyclopædia Americana. Edited by Francis Kelber. A New Edition. 14 vols., bound in sheep.
3. The Penny Cyclopædia, and Supplement of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 19 vols., half bound in Russia.
4. The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Now publishing in London in Monthly Parts. Parts 1 to 3 already published.
5. The Cyclopædia of English Literature. Edited by Wm. and Robert Chambers. 2 vols. 8vo., cloth.
6. The Farmers' Library, and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs. Edited by Charles Knight. Illustrated with Colored Engravings. Parts 1 to 4 published; to be continued monthly.
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BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY, cor. of Warren st.

June 19\*-1y.]

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## A VEGETABLE AND UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

These Pills cure all diseases by purifying the Blood. They give to all the organs of the body the proper amount of life necessary to their purification. They are a

## FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH TO ALL MANKIND,

and may be justly said to give the beauty and vigour of youth to the weakness and decrepitude of age. Can it be believed that after being before the public for ninety-one years, their sale should only now be a little rising a million of boxes per year? But so it is, and it is only to be attributed to fatal prejudice, or their sale would be at least twenty millions of boxes per year instead of only one million. Let all the sick use them—they will soon be among the healthy; let all who would secure themselves from sickness have them by them, in case of a sudden attack; for a few doses taken when the body commences to get out of order, and the benefit is secured at once. Fathers and mothers, attend to this subject; sons and daughters, attend to this subject; let all men and women ask themselves the question, whether what has stood the test of time so long does not deserve some attention.

An ho is benefited? Those who use the Brandreth Pills. They are the ones that receive the interest of a thousand per cent. How? In a present payment of health, of vivacity for dullness, of brightness and clearness of perception, in place of cloudiness and confusion of mind.

Brandreth's Pills are a life preserver. Those who know their qualities feel secure in their health and faculties being preserved to them to an indefinite period. They are equally good in all kinds of disease, no matter how called, because they cannot be used without taking out impurities from the blood, and perseverance will cause its perfect purification, and no disease can be present when the blood is pure.

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Clintonville, New Jersey, 4th April, 1847.

Dear Sir: I have for years been subject to a sour stomach and much flatulence, especially after eating ever so light a repast. These and other symptoms of a dyspeptic nature have given me much trouble, making me occasionally very sick; in fact I for years scarcely ever was really well, and I often thought I should never have precious health again.

In this condition I commenced using your Pills, and after only a few weeks' use of them freely, I found myself much improved. I then took one pill a day for ten days, and they perfectly restored me. It is four months now since, and I have enjoyed the best possible health, having no return of acidity of stomach, or any other dyspeptic symptom whatever.—I remain, dear sir, truly yours,

CYRUS DURAND.

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STANDS unrivalled; and is now the only article used by those who value a good head of hair. It is alike efficacious in exterminating scurf and dandruff; and the beautifying lustre it gives to the hair, ensures its success at the toilet of every lady of fashion. For further particulars see pamphlet, containing certificates from some of the most eminent physicians, &c., to be had of his agents throughout the United States and Canada, among which are the following:—

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First Premium Ventilating and Gossamer Wig Maker, No. 228 Washington St., Boston. Jy 10-15\*.]

## WEST'S PATENT RANGES.

THE Subscriber having made extensive improvements in his Ranges during the last year now offers them to the public as the most complete in the market. Each Range having six holes for pots, &c., and two ovens, which cannot be surpassed by any brick oven in use, in fact, they are partly composed of brick; in front roasting can be carried on in the best manner. The back of the range is fitted up with a water-back for heating water for baths, washing, &c., &c., and, upon the whole, it is the most complete arrangement ever got up for cooking.

Copper Boilers made under the subscribers personal superintendence, and finished with great care, will be warranted to be superior to boilers usually sold for such purposes.

Utensils of all kinds, for all patterns of ranges, constantly on hand, or made to order. Jy 10\*.] WM. WEST, 133 Hudson St., New York.

## PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS.

## FOWLER &amp; WELLS,

131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

May 15th.-tf.

## CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

THE CANADA HOUSE.—The subscriber, in expressing his obligation for the very liberal patronage he received during the preceding summer, begs to inform the Public that "THE CANADA HOUSE" is again OPENED by him, for the reception of Visitors; and he most respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage. He assures them that he will spare no pains to add to their comfort, health, and recreation.

Since the close of the last season, the house and grounds have undergone many important alterations and improvements, which, it is hoped, will add to the comfort and convenience of Visitors. The Dining-room has been considerably enlarged, and the Bar removed from the house.

The Subscriber is happy to state that MISS MURRAY, whose attention to visitors is so well known, will still remain at the Springs.

The Caledonia Springs present the great advantage of a variety of Medicinal Waters, acknowledged by the most eminent of the Faculty to be, each of their kind, unrivalled in their efficacy for the cure of diseases, and invigorating qualities.

The Salt and Sulphur Baths are in full operation, from the use of which the most extraordinary benefits have been derived.

The Stages will leave Montreal every Morning, (Sundays excepted) and arrive at the Springs in the Evening.

The charges at the Canada House will be the same as last year, namely:—

By the Month	£6 0 0
By the Week	1 15 0
By the Day	0 6 6

June 12—t31s]

H. CLIFTON.

## LAP-WELDED BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER.

Can be obtained only of the Patentee.

April.

THOS. PROSSER,  
28 Platt Street, N. Y.

## EYE AND EAR.

DR. POWELL, OCUList, AURIST, &c.  
261 Broadway, cor. of Warren-st.

ATTENDS EXCLUSIVELY to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, from 9 to 4 o'clock. STRABISMUS or Squinting cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted that cannot be distinguished from the natural Eye. Spectacles adapted to any defect.

DR. POWELL has just published a popular Treatise on the Eye, with Engravings, 8mo., paper 50 cents, muslin 75 cents, comprising a familiar description of the Anatomy and Physiology of the organ of vision. Rules for the Preservation, Improvement, and Restoration of sight. Remarks on Optics and the use and abuse of Spectacles, with directions for their selection. To be had at the Author's, and of all Booksellers. May 22-3m \*

## FLOWERS, BOQUETS, &amp;c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, corner of Broadway and 28th street, N. Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird. Ap. 20-tf.

## PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 386 BROADWAY for a superior and warranted article. Apl 18-tf.

## PRESERVE YOUR HAIR

WHILE you have it, it is too late after it has fallen off—(the advertisement of Emperie's to the contrary notwithstanding.) The Medical Faculty recommend Camm's Spanish Lustral Hair Preservative as the best article yet known for that purpose. A. B. & D. Sands are the agents in New York.

N. B.—None genuine without the name of T. W. CAMM blown in the bottle.

[Jy 10-15\*.]

## THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED.

## THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive Improvements made therein, Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of the manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams. By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to Berford & Co. Astor House, Broadway.

## JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Maum Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principality, each extra fine, fine and medium points; Caligraphic, (Illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronial, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes,) which possesses strength, elasticity, and fineness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holded of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers are solicited, by

HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John-st. cor. of Gold

## LAMPS, GIRANDOLES, HALL LANTERNS AND CHANDELIERS.

## DEITZ, BROTHER &amp; CO.

WASHINGTON STORES, No. 139 WILLIAM-ST.

ARE MANUFACTURING AND HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND, a full assortment of articles in their line, of the following descriptions, which they will sell at wholesale or retail prices, for cash:—

Solar Lamps—Gilt, Bronze and Silvered, in great variety.

Suspending Solar, do.

Bracket Solar, do.

Solar Chandeliers, do. do., 2, 3 and 4 lights.

Suspending Camphene Lamps; Brackets do do

Side, do. do.

Camphene Chandeliers—2, 3, and 4 lights.

Girandoles—Gilt, Silvered and Bronzed, various patterns

Hall Lanterns—Various sizes, with cut or stained glass.

May

## THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST.

Instituted in 1840.

## TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S.

AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS. Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.

Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail.

Instruction given in the Art.

Jly. 25-tf.

## SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

## FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits.

South Bolton, Canada East, April 18, 1846.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.

JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:—

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1846.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times that language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; and by Druggists generally throughout United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

Q.—The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

**APARTMENTS WITH PARTIAL OR WITH FULL BOARD.**—A couple of Gentle men, or a Gentleman and his wife, can be accommodated with Apartments and Board to any specified extent, by applying at No. 137 Hudson Street, (St. John's Park), where every at tention will be paid to their comforts, and to render their residence a home. The most satis factory references will be given and expected.

**MAXIMILIAN RADER**, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Prin cipe Segars in all their variety. **LEAF TOBACCO** for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. July 7-ly.

#### THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

**W**ould direct the attention of the public to the following brief account of the present con dition of this institution, and of the effort now making to increase its importance and usefulness.

The institution is now, in every respect, prosperous. It is free from financial embarrass ment; its real estate, independent of its books, far exceeds in value the amount of its obliga tions; and its income provides for its current expenses, and for considerable annual additions to the Library. It has recently erected a noble library edifice in a central situation, on the prin cipal street of the city, spacious enough for a library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. Its present library numbers forty thousand, generally well-selected volumes (many of which are rare and costly); it may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for a library of the first class, and that the trustees are determined to make it, if the public will foster it as the importance of the object deserves.

Attached to the library is a convenient and commodious reading room, well supplied with the home and foreign journals and newspapers, which offers every accommodation, both for quiet reading and a rapid glance at the news of the day. One of the objects now in view is to transfer this department of the library to the first floor of the building, to render it more ac cessible to persons whose time is limited, and to extend the library proper over the whole of the second floor.

The institution is not, as many have supposed, an exclusive one. Any person of fair charac ter may become a member of it on application to the librarian, and enjoy its privileges by pay ing twenty-five dollars, the price of a share, and an annual assessment of six dollars; the lat er may be commuted at any time by the payment of seventy-five dollars.

This is the condition and character of the institution, in whose benefit the public are now invited to participate, and for whose advancement their co-operation is solicited. It is hoped that every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of our city, every parent who would furnish various and valuable reading to his children, every one who seeks an occasional retreat from the toils and tumults of business, in a word, every one who knows the value of a great library in a great metropolis, and is not now a member of this institution, will immediately become one, and that those who are already members of it will lend their active and efficient aid in raising it to the rank which the trustees are now aiming to give it. If this is done, the trustees pledge themselves to the public that nothing shall be wanting on their part to carry out this great object, and enable the institution to attain a character and present an aspect of ex tent and importance that will make it the boast and honor of the commercial metropolis of the Union. Feb. 13-1f.

#### NATIONAL LOAN FUND.

#### LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

"A SAVINGS BANK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN."

(EMPLOYED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.)

CAPITAL £500,000, sterling, or \$2,500,000.

Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premium) of about \$185,000.

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq. George-st. Hanover-square,

Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

Physician—J. ELLIOTSON, M.D., F.R.S.

Actuary—W. S. B. WOOLHOUSE, Esq. F. A. S.

Secretary—F. P. CAMROUX, Esq.

**THIS INSTITUTION** embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to life assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid; also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or ne cessity.

Assurances for terms of years at the lowest possible rates. Persons insured for life, can, at once, borrow half amount of annual premium for five suc cessive years, on their own note and deposit of policy.

Part of the Capital is permanently invested in the United States, in the names of three of the Local Directors—as Trustees—available always to the assured in case of disputed claims (should y such arise) or otherwise.

The payment of premiums, half-yearly or quarterly, at a trifling advance upon the annual rate.

No charge for stamp duty. Thirty days allowed after each payment of premium becomes due, without forfeiture of policy.

Travelling leave extensive and liberal, and extra premiums on the most moderate scale. **DIVISION OF PROFITS.**—The remarkable success and increased prosperity of the So ciety has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent. on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

**UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS.**—(Chief Office for America, 74 Wall-st.)—New York—Jacob Harvey, Esq., Chairman; John J. Palmer, Esq. Jonathan Goodhue, Esq., James Boorman, Esq., George Barclay, Esq., Samuel S. Howland, Esq., Gorham A. Worth, Esq., Samuel M. Fox, Esq., William Van Hook, Esq., and C. Edward Habicht, Esq.

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Baltimore—Jonathan Meredith, Esq., Samuel Hoffman, Esq., Dr. J. H. McCulloh.

J. Leander Starr, General Agent, and Edward T. Richardson, Esq., General Accountant, for the United States and British N. A. Colonies.

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Medical Examiners attend at 74 Wall-st. and No. 134 Bowery at 3 o'clock P.M. daily. Fee paid by the Society.

Standing Counsel—William Van Hook, Esq., 29 Wall-st.

Bankers—The Merchants' Bank.

Solicitor—John Hone, Esq., 11 Pine-st.

Cashier—Henry E. Cutlip, Esq.

An Act in respect to insurance for lives for the benefit of married women, passed by the Legislature of New-York, 1st April, 1840.

Pamphlets, blank forms, tables of rates, lists of agents, &c. &c. obtained at the Chief Office 74 Wall-st. 134 Bowery, or from either of the Agents throughout the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent

for the United States and B. N. A. Colonies.

New York, 8th Jan. 1847.

#### TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION, AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE.

**PASSAGE FROM, AND DRAFTS TO, ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.** Persons wishing to send for their friends, in any part of the Old Country, will find the subscriber's arrangements for 1847, most complete, and calcu lated in every way to ensure satisfaction to all who may make arrangements with them to bring their friends across the Atlantic. The subscribers are agents for

#### THE NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

QUEEN OF THE WEST - - 1300 tons. ROSCIUS - - - - 1200 tons.  
LIVERPOOL - - - - " SIDDONS - - - - "  
HOTTINGUER - - - - " SHERIDAN - - - - "  
ROCHESTER - - - - " GARRICK - - - - "

The above magnificent packets are all new York built ships of the very first class, built ex pressly for the Liverpool passenger trade, and fitted up with special regard for the comfort and convenience of passengers; they are commanded by men of experience, and are not surpassed for speed by any ships afloat. Their sailing days from Liverpool are on the 6th and 11th of every month, on which days they leave punctually.

In addition to the above splendid ships, the subscribers are also Agents for the ST. "GEORGE'S AND THE UNION LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS, composed in part of the following favorite and well-known ships, viz.: "The America," St. George, Empire, St. Patrick, Rappahannock, Magnion, Sea, &c. &c., which, together with the new line, make six ships per month, or one every five days, from Liverpool; thus prevent ing the possibility of delay at that port. Passage from any part of Ireland to Liverpool, can be secured at the lowest rates. Every information given by applying to

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, 86 South-st.

2d door below Burling Ship.

Drafts supplied for any amount from £1, upwards, payable throughout the United Kingdom. Feb. 27.]

#### LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs. Jly 4-ly.

#### NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

**TO SAIL** from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 26th	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Task,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCIUS,	Asa Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of pas sage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage apply to

E. K. COLLINS & Co., 86 South Street, N.Y., or to

BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1-2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCIUS, SID DONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My 24-1f.

#### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

**SAILING** from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Waterloo.	W. H. Allen,	Mar. 11, July 11, Nov. 11.	Apr. 26, Aug. 26, Dec. 26.
John R. Skiddy,	James C. Luce,	Apr. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11.	May 26, Sept. 26, Jan. 26.
Stephen Whitney,	C. W. Popham,	May 11, Sept. 11, Jan. 11.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.
Virginian,	F. P. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.

These ships are of the first class, their accommodations being unsurpassed for room, elegance, and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and the interests of Importers.

The Captains or Owners will not be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages, sent by them, unless Regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to Jan. 30-ly.

ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

#### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

**SAILING** from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Hattleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every descrip tion will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon appli cation to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or pas sage, apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to

CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

#### LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

**THIS LINE OF PACKETS** will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James.	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	1, 1, 1.
Switzerland,	F. Knight,	10, 10, 10.	20, 20, 20.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10.	1, 1, 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10.	1, 1, 1.
Westminster.	Hovey,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters; Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to

JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

#### OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

**THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS** for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16.
Fidelia, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16.
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest at tention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctua as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every descrip tion will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 44 South-st., or

C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., or

ARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

#### THE ANGLO-AMERICAN.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, ETC., Is published every Saturday at the office, No. 4 Barclay street, Astor House. Terms, FOUR DOLLARS per annum, invariably in advance. The Journal is printed on very su perior paper, with a beautiful type, and contains as large a quantity of matter as any other news paper in the country.

#### TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

A remittance of FOUR DOLLARS will entitle a subscriber to one of our large and beau tiful ENGRAVINGS, and the Paper for one year. A remittance of SEVEN DOLLARS will entitle a subscriber to a complete set of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS, and the Paper for one year. The following are the engravings we have already issued: WASHINGTON SIR WALTER SCOTT, WELLINGTON, and NELSON, and SIR R. PEEL.